ANECDOTES

RECORDED BY THE

Police of Paris,

OF ALL THE

AFFAIRS OF GALLANTRY

WHICH HAVE OCCURRED IN THAT METROPOLIS FOR SEVERAL YEARS PAST.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE

PARISIAN WOMEN OF PLEASURE.

IT IS NOT THE LOVE OF CALUMNY THAT HAS INDUCED ME TO EXPOSE THE SHAMEFUL WEAKNESSES OF THE HUMAN RACE. AUTHOR.

FROM MANUEL'S HISTORY OF THE POLICE OF PARIS.

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THE

Police of Paris Unmaſked.

IF ſound morals are the pillars on which wholeſome laws are eſtabliſhed, it will not be found ſufficient to make the clergy good citizens; it will be neceſſary that the citizens become new men, ſuch men as the conſtitution of a free people unavoidably requires.

The degree of infamy to which vice was carried under the ſanction of the Police of Paris, is ſcarcely credible; that police which, on pretence of ſuppreſſing, made a kind of traffic of the vices and crimes of the capital. That corruption was predominant at Athens and Rome, no man will diſpute; for had theſe cities been virtuous, they would ſtill have been in being. The latter had her Ceſar, who was ſucceſsful in his endeavours to debauch the ſiſter of a Cato, the mother of a Brutus; her Auguſtus, who could purchaſe the wife of a Tiberius ſix months advanced in her pregnancy! her Mecænas, who could conveniently fall aſleep to indulge an emperor in his amorous wiſhes! Her Julia, who looked upon modeſty and chaſtity as virtues incompatible with the dignity of a princeſs, and whoſe only principle was to admit no ſtranger into her premiſſes, until they had been already occupied!—Her Popea, who poſſeſſed every charm, except that only of an honeſt diſpoſition: Finally, her Meſſalina, who ſurfeited

every claſs of people by the prodigal abuſe of her inſatiable deſires. The latter had her Lais, who ſold her charms at the higheſt price to a Demoſthenes, to an Ariſtippus, and proſtituted them, at the ſame time, to the cynic Diogenes, to ſtrip him of his ladle and barrel—Her Aſpaſia, who, forgetting that her buſineſs was only to be pretty, and to chat on every ſubject without being acquainted with any, would invite the moſt eminent politicians to her table, to perſuade the world that ſhe was well verſed in politics, and could, in her moments of dalliance, ſeduce a Pericles to declare war againſt Samos, againſt Megara, and could procure the deſtruction of Arcadia—Her Sappho, who, in her amorous reveries, wondered that Cupid had but one altar, and one torch, would ſtill entice a Phaon to preſs the lips of a Leſbian.—But, in favour of thoſe Courtezans, we muſt acknowledge that their ſeductions were effected only by their charms, their talents, and by the artful inſinuations of eloquence and affected ſentiment: yet could they not dare to appear in public, ſweating under a load of jewels, nor could eminent men venture to ſhew themſelves in their company.

It therefore became the peculiar privilege of that nation, which pretends moſt to gallantry and political eminence, to make her magiſtrates the guardians of a claſs of women, the moſt moderate of whom expreſſed not, until the hour of death, her ſorrow for having deceived the other ſex; and of whom the moſt modeſt declared, that if animals knew the power of love only periodically, it was becauſe they were brutes.—Such are the women who, in the public places of amuſement, take pleaſure in pointing at the widows whoſe huſbands are yet alive, and claim precedence of thoſe Penelopes? "Who is ſhe in the next box, at the playhouſe,—whoſe diamonds are

ſo

ſo brilliant and ſo thickſet?" cries the virtuous daughter of Penthievre. "Don't you know her," anſwers the lady ſhe ſpoke to:—"ſhe is your huſband's kept miſtreſs!"

Had I no other object than mercantile ſpeculation in view, if more deſirous of gaining fame than doing good, my purpoſe were to amuſe thoſe barren readers whoſe time would ſit heavy on their hands. If they had not pamphlets to read, the never failing reſource of idle minds, I could publiſh upwards of twenty thouſand amorous anecdotes, more ſalacious than thoſe which ſprung from the imaginations of Petrus Aretinus, Marcus Antonius, and Julius Romanus together: but to what purpoſe ſhould I expoſe theſe Luculluſes, whoſe country ſeats remind us of the iſland of Caprea. It could anſwer no other end than to prove that many of our nobility have had Merry Andrews for their fathers! Were I to compile the ſcandalous chronicle of private amours leſs diſcreet than Petronius, becauſe my king is not a Nero, I would tell the very names of thoſe open debauchees who have ſeduced a nation into a love for women, whom it muſt deſpiſe: but the riſing generation claims my compaſſion for that which is expiring; and as my motive is to convict the Police of having no other object in view than the getting of money by family miſconduct, which it ſhamefully trafficked upon, it will be ſufficient for me to diſcover ſome of the numberleſs adventures that have procured it the reputation, if ſuch it can be conſidered, of poſſeſſing Gyges's ring.

Very far from giving up to the laſh of the law, or even to public cenſure, which frequently diſhonours, more effectully than the law, thoſe temples where the goddeſs of Luſt, ſometimes decked with

borrowed graces, ſometimes diſguiſed in the ſemblance of innocence, converts her ſlaves, by virtue of her Circean wand, into filthy ſwine, the Police covered them with her participating ſhield, on condition that the prieſteſſes would, beſides a ſhare in the profits, communicate the names of the victims whom they ſacrificed, and ſend every morning the changeable ledger of their infamous tranſactions. Its chief was an inſpector, who, having caſt a net until he had entangled a Mars, called all the gods to laugh at the Vulcan of the day:—how often has he found only a Medea ſtriving in vain to invigorate an Eſon!

Before the period of which Monſ. de Sartines was appointed head of the Police of Paris, that city contained ſcarcely ſixty of thoſe women, who made it their buſineſs to pick up the ſcattered torches which Hymen had extinguiſhed, and who in decent dreſſes bound themſelves to love wealthy fools or ſuperannuated noblemen:—man, born for ſociety, yet poſſeſſed a large ſhare of gallantry; and, covetous of amorous adventures, he took the pains of ſeeking them—endowed at leaſt with pride, if not with ſenſibility, he ſcorned to purchaſe what he might obtain from paſſion; he ſought glory in the ſervice of his King, and happineſs in that of his Miſtreſs.

It was Monſ. de Sartines who, by placing ſpies over vice, and by ſubjecting it to regulations, that he might the better ſubject it to contributions; in fine, by forming a regular corps of proſtitutes from vice's ſcattered recruits, who are emboldened by their numbers, and ſtill farther corrupted by each other's example, amuſed and enriched himſelf by the depravity of the female ſex. His deputies, who were alſo of the king's council, ſuch as were formerly

merly the Languayeurs, daily viſited thoſe magic grottos, where the peace, health, and fortunes of families, were devoured. Witneſſes at once, and judges of every ſpecies of debauchery, they, by the moſt infamous brokage, complaiſantly ſold to the laſcivious rich all the idols who had fled from the country, where affectionate poverty preſented nothing but incenſe; informed by their ſpies, by their confidents, by their own prying curioſity, of every thing that happened within their juriſdictions, they bundled up every tale for the amuſement of the magiſtrate; thoſe ſmutty tales with which a Buſſi or a Brantome would not have ſtained their pens.

I have ſaid that Monſ. de Sartines, beneath the ſenatorial gown, fulfilled the employment of Counſellor Bonneau; and the firſt proof I will give of it, are the letters which he has received from the prince's friend, the inſpector Marais.

SIR,

I have the honour of informing you, that his Lordſhip the Count of la March came to my houſe to aſk me for a man capable of being ſafely employed in his gallantries: having had your permiſſion on that ſubject, I have ſent him one, and his Lordſhip gave him the following inſtructions. "You muſt get acquainted with Mrs. Thiroux de Monregard's ſervants, to know the opinion that is entertained of me in her family; enquire if the Duke of Fronſac, or any others, go there in quality of lovers; and find out, particularly, on what days ſhe intends going to the Theatres. Hitherto our ſpy has fulfilled his duty to perfection; he has contracted an intimacy with one of the lady's footmen, who is his countryman, and told him that the Count of La-

march is deeply in love with his miſtreſs; but that he is not the only one that is ſo; that the Duke of Fronſac is alſo her lover, and viſits her frequently; as does a tall officer of the guards, who ſeems to be much in her favour." The footman added, that his miſtreſs was not at all to blame, as her huſband uſes her very ill, for that lately ſeeing her in the morning in her dreſſing-gown, and her hair diſhevelled, he told her, in preſence of ſeveral of the ſervants, that ſhe looked like a brimſtone w...e, and made her cry by his brutality, &c. &c.

MARAIS.

Again on the 12th, I have had the honour of giving you a detail of the particular attention paid to Mademoiſelle Monregard by Monſ. Monvill, at the playhouſe: this induced me to enquire more minutely into the matter; and having had an interview with that gentleman's black, he candidly told me that his maſter is on the moſt intimate footing with that lady, and is determined to marry her, if her huſband ſhould happen to die, and that he ſometimes receives viſits from her at his lodge, near the ditch of Antin. I have ſought the truth of this laſt aſſertion; and the porter's wife has acknowledged the fact. After having given you the information, I alſo made it known to the Count of La March, and his Lordſhip did me the honour of calling at my houſe: he ſeemed charmed with the intelligence I had procured, and gave me to underſtand that he was much more in the lady's favour than I ſuſpected: he told me that he had ſent her ſeveral letters by the penny poſt, and received her anſwers by the ſame conveyance. He has even read one of her letters to me. "Dear Prince, pity me—you are undoubtedly the moſt amiable of mankind;—but there are innumerable difficulties to obſtruct the

pleaſure

pleaſure I ſhould enjoy in your company." "You ſee, my dear Marais," ſaid his Lordſhip, "that ſhe capitulates: ſhe foreſees many obſtacles; but does not ſay they are inſurmountable. A little patience will gain me the victory. In my laſt to her, after pouring out a deal of amorous nonſenſe, I told her that I ſhould be quite miſerable, were I to be the occaſion of any ill treatment from her huſband, and that conſequently I hoped ſhe would aſſiſt me in deceiving him, and that I would leave the conduct of the whole affair to her. An intrigue of this kind diverts me. As for the affair with Monville, it gives me pleaſure, as it convinces me that ſhe is comeatable. Now, my dear Marais, all you have to do is to let me know the days on which ſhe is to go to the play," &c. &c.

Marais adds, that he begged an order to ſhoot in the Prince's diſtrict of Tremblay; which was cheerfully granted to himſelf and his friends. This confeſſion was a blind to conceal others which he ſhould have made; but he would not acknowledge the ſums he received for his vile contrivances, eſpecially for that of the 27th of September, when he was deſired to find out a milliner, who would let an apartment to Mademoiſelle Montalet, where ſhe might ſometimes go on pretence of purchaſing trifles, the better to convey her love-letters. The purpoſe of theſe precautions, on the prince's ſide, was merely to avoid exciting the ſhameful jealouſy of the Marquis of Villeroi. Did he not, one day, attempt to diſguiſe himſelf as an Abbé, to gain admittance to the Baroneſs of Waſberg? But his motive was indeed, that he might not be under the neceſſity of imitating Jupiter in his amour with Danae; though he was often unavoidably compelled to do ſo, eſpecially when he had for his rivals Colin the butcher,

or

or the tax-gatherer Rouille d'Orfeuil—who at dinner, one day, perceiving that Carolina looked wiſhfully at a ring worn by a lady in company, bought it for a hundred guineas, and had the pleaſure of putting it on her finger. His father, the Prince of Conti, was much more generous; for in one day he gave Duplan a coach, and three hundred guineas to Madame Montgaultier, who ſpent the money with one of his own muſicians. Of La Pelin he ſaid, "I have taken her I cannot tell why; I keep her I cannot tell wherefore; and ſhe has already coſt me a thouſand guineas, for which I can give no reaſon!" No woman ever had cauſe to complain of having contributed to that prince's amuſement, except Mainvilliers; but ſhe attributed his want of gratitude to the indiſcreet preſident d'Aligre, and Jacquet, who ſhared her favours with him. Not one of thoſe noblemen, however, acted ſo ungenerouſly as the Prince of Lambeſc, who by his father's authority took from Grandy a pair of girandoles which he had made her a preſent of, and who, when aſked how he reliſhed the caprices of little Braiſe, anſwered, "I ſometimes give her a kick in the britch, and ſhe takes it in good part."—Let Briſſault be aſked how much ſhe received in April 1774, from the Dukes of Chartres and Cogny, from the Chevalier de Cogny, from Meſſrs de la Vaupabere d'Etrehan and Vaudreuil, from the Count of Noailles, the Prince of Ligne, the Baron of Beſſeval, the Marquis of Laval, and the Count d'Eſtinville. The whole groupe paid no more than nine guineas, although ſhe had prepared them a ſupper, and furniſhed four ladies, the cheapeſt of whom was Mademoiſelle de Buffy. Next day, not even a ſtreet-walker in Paris would give one of them her hand to kiſs: they all doated on the Count du Barry, who purchaſed girls as he purchaſed pictures, and covered them all with jewels,

els. Thevenet Morancé Dubois, but principally Buba, reduced him to ſuch a paſs, that for two years he was allowed no more than two thouſand livres a month. The wretch! No ſooner were his debts paid, than he took his hundred and eight thouſand livres a year, and bid ſo high, that the ſtocks in Venus's exchange became almoſt exorbitant. It was by his means that a Thompſon, a Pierce, a Vavaſſor, diſputed which ſhould bid higheſt for a ſtupid Du Thé, who poſſeſſed no incitement but mere beauty, and who at the ſame time made old de Chalut pay two or three thouſand guineas for a birch broom. It was through him that the Baron d'Oigny placed the Baroneſs of Burman in a palace, that ſhe might the eaſier enjoy her beloved actor Julian, though ſhe had already, under the appellation of Lecoq, retailed her charms in the houſe of La Varrenne, Feydeau-ſtreet, where ſhe ſometimes received fifty guineas, a ſet of ſilver table furniture, and fifteen hundred livres worth of porcelain: at other times but twenty-five guineas, often but twelve and ten. Vanity excites the emulation of fools; and when the courtezans diſcovered that debauchees ſought glory and not pleaſure, in the poſſeſſion of them, without a conſultation they eaſily ſaw the advantage of aſſuming a modeſty, which, though ſimulative, would anſwer their purpoſes. Even Hercules, with the baſeſt ſubmiſſion, could not find a miſtreſs among them without the golden ſpindle; and if Potoſkie, the pole, at length obtained permiſſion to ſpend a night, the 28th of June, with Mademoiſelle Touteville, the ſiſter of pretty d'Egremont, he was firſt obliged to pledge his honour that he would give her a coach, a houſe, livery ſervants, and every other appendage belonging to a lady on the ton, and to pay down a pair of girandoles that coſt five hundred guineas. The Imperial Ambaſſador could

not obtain Roſalie on eaſier terms, though ſhe would in the interim often viſit Nicolet's garret, whoſe fine hand ſhe was deſperately in love with. Did not Mademoiſelle Vadé, on her arrival from Lyons, gain a furniſhed houſe in Creſcent-ſtreet, at three thouſand livres rent, with furniture too rich for her to underſtand the uſe of it, together with a purſe of two thouſand guineas for her neceſſary expences, and another of five hundred for her pin-money—beſides a caſket of jewels, that coſt forty thouſand livres; as alſo a quantity of ſilver plate, linens, ſilks, and other things; and the generous Donor was no other than Monſ. Bertin, treaſurer of the caſualties! Did not the cannibal Gourdan, at the age of forty-five years, though her daughter was then a nun at Roye, find means to coax a ſettlement of three thouſand livres a year for ever from a gentleman of Picardy, older than herſelf, with a clauſe of redemption on the payment of a capital of ſixty thouſand livres—yet a *finger* was the greateſt proof of eſteem he ever gave her! What an immenſity of money did the Biſhop of Liege expend upon Dechamps, whoſe cloſe-ſtool was ornamented with the richeſt laces, and who, on examining her enchanting apartments, would tell her paramour, a Swiſs officer, named Salis, that the liberty of kiſſing her cartridge-box would pay for all!—Yet we muſt allow him to have been better off than that governor of St. Domingo, a vice admiral too, who at the age of ſixty years, with fifty thouſand livres annual income, became the footman of Dorval, for liberty to enjoy her, and even carried her amorous epiſtles to a counſellor of the parliament.—But can we forget that the Duke of Richelieu, not ſatisfied with peeping through a key-hole to ſee two women, Villers and her black, amuſe themſelves perfectly without his aſſiſtance, would run to the brokers, and pawn his

ſtar to give a firſt fee to Mademoiſelle Maupin*.

This profuſion, however, of liberally beſtowing money on perſons of ſuch a deſcription, is but lately come into faſhion. The Police has had cognizance of an Abbé de Sarle, who, to confine his miſtreſs, the tall Mercier, to her furniſhed room, would never allow her a gown, as he thought ſhe would be aſhamed to appear in the ſtreets with a bed-gown: of a Depres, who conſidered Buhart only as an additional piece of furniture: of a Toquine banker, who, for three new gowns, a little linen, and three hundred livres a month, received from the hands of her father and mother, Mary Teſtor, yet almoſt in her childhood: Of a Marquis of La Platerie, who cried out on meeting the Baroneſs of Moreſus at the play-houſe, "What, Jenny, how long have you been a Baroneſs!"—Finally, of that architect who, having flattered a dancer at the opera, with the expectation of building her a houſe, ſent her at laſt one of gingerbread, in which was a repreſentation of every neceſſary! This is the juſteſt method of making love to proſtitutes, and ſeems to have been the opinion of the Duke of York, on the 7th of Auguſt, 1767, when, having hired Durany from Briſſault, he fell aſleep after his labour, and when the ladies rebuked him for want of politeneſs, replied, "Women of your ſtamp are like a baſon of broth, after which one muſt ſleep an hour, to receive benefit from it. This has ſeemed good; keep ſome for me until Monday." The Chevalier de Cl . . . . . who wrote to a procureſs of the Palais Royal, "ſend me a ſprightly

* The Lady, we apprehend, mentioned in the Chevalier Rutledge's celebrated Novel of Julia de M * * * * *, juſt publiſhed by Symonds, in two Volumes.

girl, of ſound wind and limb, and I will allow her ten guineas a month :" and on the 6th of July, 1768, the polygamic Valcourt, with nothing but creditors bills in her trunk, went to him in the ſtage coach : 'tis true, ſhe expected a ſupplement from the other officers !

If caprice had never degenerated into neceſſity ; if luxury had not ſet a high price on thoſe women whom neceſſity compels to debauchery, with the impulſe of nature ; if there had not been fooliſh Lucculluſes, we had never ſeen at Paris thoſe dinners, in imitation of Mark Antony's, where a Cleopatra ſwallowed pearls ! We had not ſeen a Gourdan, afterwards affecting the Counteſs, when yet in an humble ſtate of infamy, write a letter to a Grandee of Spain in the following terms—She whoſe huſband, when a receiver of taxes, was condemned to die for contempt of court, and became afterwards a Captain General of the revenue at Breſt, and afterwards was made truſtee of the depoſits at Carpentras—

May it pleaſe your Excellency,

HAVING had the honour of being informed that you are a nobleman of prime gallantry, I have taken the liberty of ſending this young lady to you. She is the wife of a phyſician, lately married, and who, for reaſons which ſhe will explain to you, wiſhes to merit the bounty of ſome perſon, who may be inclined to oblige her. She is young, beautiful, well-ſhaped, &c. &c. &c.

It is to this lady, that a young Engliſhman, who called himſelf Robertſon, wrote a letter on the 7th of September, 1776, informing her of the neceſſity of his remaining incog. for ſome time, and praying her

her to ſend to him to St. Germains, not one but every one that could come within her reach, who poſſeſſed the higheſt charms and moſt exquiſite ſkill in the arcana of luxury, with a promiſe of liberality, proportioned to the little uſe that had been made of their perſons.

The Sultana Valideé, aſſuming the character of a Calypſo, brought him an Euſharis: but ſhe ſeems to have done honour to her own antiquated charms, for ſhe thanks him for his propoſal of taking her into keeping.

All foreigners were not, however, as generous as Mr. Robertſon; for when a Pole became enamoured of Grandi to ſuch a pitch of madneſs, as to inſiſt on her going by his name, as Monſ. of St. Foix had done by Courcy, he gave her a watch of forty guineas price, a complete ſuit of lace, and a vis-a-vis, with two good horſes: but as he had not paid for them, Monſ. Blanchart, of the Hotel de York, waited on the little princeſs between twelve and two o'clock at her levee: She, imagining that he had ſome favour to aſk of her, found great fault with the horſes: he, with an appearance of moſt profound reſpect, wiſhing to prove the merit of his cattle, propoſed to drive her himſelf to Longchamp; and, if ſhe ſtill diſliked them, ſhe ſhould have liberty to chooſe the beſt pair in his ſtables. She condeſcended to take him for her coachman for a while; they arrived at the Boulevards;—he expreſſed an apprehenſion of her being frightened at the evolutions he promiſed to make them perform by his own ſkilful management, and prayed her to alight for a while. She conſented, he ſet off—in vain ſhe looked for his return. He had already placed the carriage and horſes ſafe in his coach-houſe and ſtable! Mademoiſelle

moiſelle Grandi, aſhamed of being ſeen alone, and on foot, willingly accepted of the arm of one of thoſe momentary lovers, who offered a car, like that of Venus, that would not diſtreſs two turtle-doves.

At night ſhe dried up the tears this accident extorted from her, on being informed that her friend Mademoiſelle Haroire, whoſe father acted as her porter, had removed from her hotel to the hoſpital, for having contemptuouſly thrown out at the window the king's order for her baniſhment, though ſhe was at the time kept by a counſellor of parliament.

Theſe are not the moſt ſcandalous anecdotes I could extract from the reports ſigned by MARAIS; but perhaps my readers will not be diſpleaſed at ſeeing ſome ſamples of his more ſecret correſpondence with the magiſtrate, who was more attentive to the occupations of the night at Paris than to thoſe of the day.

APRIL 27, 1764.

Monſ. de Rohan Chabot has been to ſee Montigny, and made her an extraordinary propoſal. This nobleman, after having exacted a promiſe of moſt inviolable ſecrecy, ordered her to find a young man, tall, well limbed and bodied, healthy and vigorous, who ſhould form a connection with a lady of the firſt quality, who has never been known by any but her huſband, but who had a curioſity to try what pleaſure might be found in the arms of a ſtranger. Montigny aſked him why he did not do the buſineſs himſelf; he anſwered, "There are reaſons for it—ſhe has placed her confidence in me, and the man you procure muſt allow me to take him up at your houſe, to blindfold him, and lead him to a private houſe,

houſe, where he muſt, in my preſence, perform his duty: but take ſpecial care that he be neither a life-guard man, a gendarme, a muſqueteer, nor a ſoldier in the guards, leſt he ſhould hereafter know the lady when ſhe goes to court—I wiſh him to be a man of the meaneſt condition, and, if poſſible, lately arrived from the country: he ſhall be well paid; and as for yourſelf, you may depend upon the moſt generous recompence, for the lady knows I apply to you; ſo that, if you are guilty of the ſmalleſt indiſcretion, you are ruined to all intents and purpoſes."—Montigny promiſed him ſecrecy, and her beſt efforts to diſcover ſuch a man as he deſired; but obſerved, that a little time was neceſſary: Monſ. de Chabot has been with her four times ſince, but ſhe would not ſtir a ſtep without my participation, for fear of harm to herſelf,—by the deſtruction of her *ſtallion*. I aſked her if ſhe was certain of the identity of Monſ. de Rohan Chabot; but ſhe has given me ſuch indiſputable marks of his perſon, and other private circumſtances, that I am certain he is the man. I ſuſpect that the lady, being unſucceſsful in her endeavours to have children by her huſband, and it being intereſting to him to have iſſue in his own name, they have fallen upon this method—nor is it impoſſible that the lady is the wife of Monſ. de Rohan Chabot, who being both unwilling to riſk their reputations by an intrigue of gallantry, have agreed upon ſuch a ſubterfuge. I have ſtrongly recommended to Montigny to inform me of all that happens in this buſineſs, that I may communicate it to you.

This adventure reminds me of the law of Lycurgus, whereby a Spartan could ſay to his neighbour, —"You have no children by your wife; yet I think her capable of giving ſubjects to the republic; lend her

her to me." By modern cuſtom, a divorce will anſwer, the laws will allow it: morality may proſcribe it—as it may fall out.

The following original letter from Monſ. de Brabancon to Madame Briſſault, French-ſtreet, oppoſite the back door of the Italian theatre, was ſent to the magiſtrate by the ſame hand. "I arrived in town but yeſterday, my dear Briſſault, and immediately apply to you to ſend me tomorrow evening, about half after ten, a very pretty girl:—you know my taſte is delicate, and that I like my girls to be tall, well ſhaped, and very ſlender; but, above all, perfectly ſafe. Let her bring a letter, to prevent ſuſpicion.—Adieu!" Mademoiſelle Durancy was ſent, and highly approved of; but was ſurprized at being addreſſed in the following manner: "My dear girl, you muſt underſtand that I am not the man for whom you are intended: there is my ſon, a lad of eighteen, on whom nature calls loudly for gratification: he teazes me to let him know what a fine woman is! you can give him the beſt inſtructions on that point. He has not yet been initiated —I leave you together—I wiſh to know how he will behave." He locked them up in the chamber, and retired to a neighbouring cloſet. The youth, finding himſelf alone with the young woman, claſped her in his arms, kiſſed her greedily, viewed her ſeparate charms, and in a very ſhort time gave her three convincing proofs that, in love, the recruits are far preferable to the veterans. The father, who liſtened attentively, judging by their ſilence that his ſon was taking a little reſt, entered, and enquired if the lad was of a promiſing diſpoſition. She made no other anſwer, than by throwing her arms round the boy's neck, and almoſt ſmothering him with kiſſes. From this expreſſive teſtimony of approbation,

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the old man judged that his ſon would, one day, replace him in that career with dignity, and kiſſed them both,

The lady received twenty guineas for her trouble: the little Hercule, who at once loſt his health, his innocence, and his money, would fain have her the whole night; but ſhe declined, as ſhe was to preſent herſelf the next day for examination before the Preſident d'Aligue, to know if ſhe was qualified to ſucceed Pelin in the employment of amuſing a young prince, who often viſited the Preſident's country ſeat, in a drab-coloured coat. She had to expect a ſettlement of ſix thouſand livres a year, provided ſhe would engage never to go out without a ſpy, or without being accompanied by the firſt Preſident.

The Counteſs of Liſmore's complaiſance for her ſon, is much more excuſeable. She brought from Italy, in her own coach, a miſtreſs, whoſe affections he had there gained, and took her to live with her in her houſe, in the great ſtreet St. Laurence's ſuburb: Mademoiſelle Fontaine might have paſſed for her daughter-in-law:—it is true, ſhe was more on her guard than a virtuous woman generally is; for ſhe never painted, nor admitted any male viſitor in my lord's abſence.—Perhaps ſhe would have been chaſte, if ſhe could: but when I reflect on the conſtant attendance of a beautiful bigot of twenty-two, at the church of St. Joſeph, who attracts the eyes of all, whilſt ſhe will look at none, I am aſtoniſhed to find in her the German Montalant, whom the Chevalier Goudart hawked about ſo long, in hopes of getting money for her; and whom he afterwards ſold to the Marquis of Villeroi, whoſe deſign was leſs to have a connexion with her, than to perſuade the world that

he would not be connected with his lady, who was getting baſtards by the Duke of Orleans. The Marchioneſs had the talent of weeping at pleaſure; but it was becauſe ſhe always carried a bottle of onion-juice in her pocket.

One ſhould be apt to imagine, that this inſpector had the talent of Le Sage's Devil upon Two Sticks, of unroofing the houſes to ſee what paſſed within them: how elſe could he know that two Dukes, one Marquis, and ſome Counts, being aſſembled at the Hanoverian Pavillion, did, for their amuſement, command their blacks to lie with white women, who, without their liberality, muſt have lain in the ſtreets! How could he know that the Jew Pechole, having ſpent the night with Dornay, in her bed hung with mirrors, loſt his falſe eye, which he had taken out the night before, and laid on the mantle-piece!—The giddy huſſy! Why was ſhe, like Aurora, impatient to forſake her tireſome Tithonus, or to count the fifteen guineas that occaſioned this fatal accident! How could he know that, in twenty-four hours, Verdault made eleven men happy; that Verdault, whom the Engliſh gentlemen reſigned to each other, like a furniſhed apartment at twenty guineas a month!—or the pretty lady of St. Ann's-ſtreet, who ſcrupled not to carry other goods to Briſſault's, beſides laces, ſhould get, for a curſory converſation, ten guineas from my Lord Egmont—on the 8th of April;—on the 10th, the ſame from the Duke of Al—; on the 13th, the ſame from an officer in the Guards; on the 15th, the ſame from the Duke of Ar—; on the 16th, the ſame from the Marquis of Romey! There was no variation in her price. How could he know that the ſame Marquis of Romey, on the 8th of December, burned a beautiful undreſs, belonging to Farey, becauſe ſhe inſiſted

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on going to a ball at the opera houſe with Myſis, whoſe taſte was Sapphic! How could he know that the Lady C——, whoſe daughter was in the convent of the Urſulines in St. James's-ſtreet, conſulted with Briſſault, the undertaker-general, on his deſign, who ſent one of her ſetters diſguiſed as a ſtaymaker, to judge what ſhe would fetch—after which ſhe was offered to Lebel, the king's valet de chambre, for his maſter's uſe, on condition of obtaining the firſt vacancy in a certain department;—for it was well known, that when any of the ſtudents of this ſeminary became pregnant, ſhe was always provided with a knight of St. Lewis, whoſe croſs, without any pretenſion to merit, was obtained at Mouſſeaux, and who, in conſideration of twenty-five thouſand livres, fathered the works of Lewis the fifteenth!—as he often aſſumed what had been pillaged by Lebel!—How could he diſcover that a certain caſhiered officer, wiſhing to retrieve his ſhattered fortune, introduced his daughter to Gourdan, who introduced her to the Prince of Conti, who paid a hundred guineas for her on trial!

The Lieutenant-general of Police, who, at his toilet every morning, diverted himſelf with the ſecret tranſactions, could tell a Monſ. Joly de Fleury, attorney general, that he enabled a Mademoiſelle Pinville to purſue her claim againſt Monſ. Payſegur, who had given her a deed for 1500 livres a year, furniſhing her with lawyers of every denomination; though ſhe refuſed to accept of a coach which he offered her, leſt it ſhould prove offenſive to Madame Deſtat, his kept miſtreſs. He could tell the ſame de Fleury, that, on the third of March 1741, he received the following words with a new born infant which had been leſt at his door in the night:—I ſend you the iſſue of your lawleſs deſires, which

heaven has brought to perfection. Be more careful of his education, than you have been of his mother's welfare. Only recollect, that henceforward I ſhall ſcorn to receive any kindneſs from you, being determined never to hold any communication with you, and totally to forget you." When Madame de Fleury ſaw this letter, ſhe ſaid there was nothing now wanting but a nurſe. He could tell Monſ. M——, receiver general of finances, that he had made propoſals of three thouſand livres a year to a little milliner's apprentice in Colombier's-ſtreet, whoſe fee had been paid by the rector of St. Paul's. He could tell the Marchioneſs d'Aupy, that though ſhe often dined with his father-in-law, and paſſed for as modeſt a woman of quality as could be, yet ſhe frequently reſorted to Gourdan, urged by a conſtitution as depraved as that of Paſiphae, and generouſly made her a preſent of the fruits of her labour. —He could tell the Marchal Duke de Biron, the Denerville, though under the protection of the grand ſecretary of the tribunal, was employed to ſend twice a week two Paphian votaries to his palace, from 16 to 18 years of age, who ſhould receive wages, though they did no work.

This magiſtrate, who gloried in being at the head of the moſt vile of Inquiſitions, was too wiſe to acknowledge that he had all his intelligence from thoſe wretched women who gained an infamous livelihood by giving opportunities to perſons of both ſexes to purſue their vicious inclinations, and who were forced to diſcover all that came to their knowledge, leſt their diſcretion ſhould be puniſhed by confinement at the hoſpital, as was the caſe with Florentia. It was through their means that he learned the adventure of that Lieutenant general of the King's armies, the long eſtabliſhed friend of

Camilla

Camilla Viziant, who might have paſſed for his wife, had he not conſtantly ſlept with her, when he told her—" Madam, as love cannot laſt for ever, I beg leave to inform you, that we are to live no longer together—I will ſettle two thouſand livres a year on you, and will ſecure ſixty thouſand livres to the child you have borne me: your twenty-five guineas a month ſhall be continued, until I can get another. My coach, and box at the play-houſe, are always at your ſervice. I even requeſt you to head my table, when I have company." Had he married her, the ſeparation might not have been attended with ſo much decency.

By means of theſe women, he was informed of the ceremony performed by three or four blackguard Dukes, by way of farewel to the Duke of Fitzjames, on the 10th of January 1769, who was on the point of marriage.—The little apartment in St. Peter's-ſtreet was hung all over with black.—Every ornament was covered with the following inſcription: " This day the Duke of Fitzjames is loſt to ſport." Every nobleman was in mourning, as were all their ſervants; and the lights were of yellow wax. The Counteſs Gourdan had provided three widows, Roſetta, Lilier, and St. Germain, who with their grief-coloured ſmocks, and ſable tippets, ſcorned to hide the double columned temple from which love takes flight, as ſoon as profane Plutus lays his hand on the altar. The grandſon of James, whoſe deſign in coming there was not to behold the appearances of lamentation, was at a loſs what countenance to exhibit:—but Momus interfered, and proved to him that, under the figure of death-like preparation, there yet exiſted a ſource of delight, and for a while he thought himſelf Orpheus, bearing Eurydice out of hell. The magic wand of Ardnida ſoon changed the

the ſcene; and the face of gladneſs was to be ſeen in the lively embraces of living perſonages, whilſt a delicate repaſt was ſerved, and attended by alternate Hebes and Ganymedes. But a princely piece of fun was yet to be executed; which was, to ſend a complaint from the pretended widows, to which the hero's ſignature was extorted, to Monſ. de Thiars, whoſe daughter was their ſucceſſor. The father-in-law, who might have juſtly rejoiced at the alliance, and forſaken him, laughed at the matter, and recommended Gourdan to draw upon the Duke of Chartres, who was ſtill in her books.—In ſome days after, a biſhop gave the nuptial benediction to this high and powerful lord, for he brought a forged certificate of confeſſion to his curate.—O tempora O mores!

It was through theſe frail ones that he received intelligence of a letter ſent on Tueſday the 16th of December, by a waſherwoman of the ſtreet Montmartu to the Count de Balincourt, offering him a freſh imported German, telling him the means by which he could at night open the door of her entry, which was faſtened in an uncommon manner. The Count affected to laugh at it; the Counteſs ſeemed angry; whilſt both, to elude paying the meſſenger, heartily ſcolded the poor porter for carrying ſuch letters; but the Count's Valet de Chambre, who had marked both the ſecret and direction, on that very night transformed himſelf into a Count, nor did he diſgrace the Count by his conduct, as he promiſed much and gave but little.

It was through them that he was made acquainted with the purchaſe which the Duke of La Valliere made from his own ſervant Huneau, of a little girl of thirteen years old, ſo innocent, and ſo giddy, that when ſhe had exchanged the chaplet of Flora for

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the breeches of a Page, would, when aſked for ſnuff, offer her patch-box.

It was through them that he diſcovered the anonymous letter ſent to Carolina, in December 1763, by a broad-laced groom, and delivered in preſence of the Count of La Marche. It was from a young gentleman who offered her his hand, and his eight thouſand livres a year—their curioſity of knowing the author of the letter is fruſtrated by the bearer, who leaves his horſe behind, rather than diſobey his maſter's order to keep the ſecret. Runners are ſent after him, who ſoon diſcover that the amorous madcap is the Chevalier Malard, Monſ. de Sabran's couſin—to whom the prince ſent the Engliſh horſe—a direct hint that he knew his rival, and feared him not.

Did not the Dowager proſtitute, Gourdan, come in perſon to the magiſtrate, to let him know that the Prince of Deuxponts, at his departure, had entruſted to her care Mademoiſelle Lilice, with a hundred guineas, charging her to keep her ſafe during his ſhort abſence? That ſhe, the better to fulfil her commiſſion, had placed her in the convent of St. Perine, at Chalot, at five hundred livres, under the name of Auvray, on pretence of firſt communion.

Did not Briſſault perſonally relate to him the wonderful and incredible conduct of little Dervieux?—My Lord Egremont had offered her four hundred guineas in caſh, for liberty but once to put an arrow into her quiver: but ſhe abſolutely refuſed; declaring that, were ſhe to yield to their ſolicitations, in a year ſhe could make a princely fortune: "But I am better pleaſed," adds ſhe, "to labour another year in my vocation, than to betray the confidence of the

Prince

Prince of Soubiſe, who gives me admittance into that garden where grows the golden fruit."

But was it the Lieutenant of Police's intention, in ſqueezing thoſe ſpunges full of impurity, to know, by the matter extracted, the ſource of the corruption of morals, in imitation of the prudent phyſician, who ſtirs the excrement of his patient to learn the cauſe and cure of his illneſs, it were good:—but all this filth delighted him, and his only motive for collecting it was, to amuſe the Court. How pleaſing muſt it be to him, to have it in his power to inform his Majeſty, whilſt cloſeted with him, that Jarnorwick, Monſ. de Suger's rival, repairs every night to the Palais Royal in a hackney coach; that he gets upon the coachbox, and from thence climbs to the balcony, which is opened for him by the Iriſhwoman Nicholſon, who conceals him in her own bed? Very probably he did not inform his Majeſty that he himſelf had, in his name, ſent Beaupeé and La Salle into confinement, becauſe the Venetian Ambaſſador had loſt his ring. Lewis the Fifteenth, in exchange for theſe little tales, gave him an unlimited power over Lettres de Cachets. The King was delighted to hear that the Biſhop of Rennes, (who was appointed Ambaſſador to Spain for no other reaſon than becauſe the Princeſs Henrietta forgot, in his arms, the inequality of rank,) obtained a variety of benefices through the intereſt of Madame de Marſan, that governeſs who ſold her jewels for the uſe of Count de Biſſy, whoſe ſixteen mules were called Little Marſans—that Monſ. de Barnage, Provoſt of the merchants, was ruining himſelf with the Baroneſs Blanche, who had already ruined the whole college of P——— That the Abbé of St. Hermine, a great lover of muſtard, and the Queen's chief Almoner, lives with the ſiſter of the preſident of the grand council;

council;—that the Ducheſs's of la Vallaiere and Luxembourg, are never aſunder, except when Mons. de Biſſy *goes between them.*—That the Princeſs d'Enrichemont, when ſhe is in a paſſion with her maids, threatens to make her footman lie with them! This was the ſureſt method of getting herſelf often vexed by theſe girls.

He ſcrupled not to communicate to the King the confidence placed in Mons. Paſquier by the Baroneſs of Warbeck.—When this good Papa paid the viſit of her little lodge at Pic, he told her, in a joking manner—" Mimi, take care to behave yourſelf; for if you do not, I will complain to my good friend the Lieutenant of Police."—" Mind that you do not," replies the little Crackbrain, toſſing off his wig; " for I long to go to bed to him." The courtiers ſaw themſelves laughed at for their amorous adventures, by the ſovereign and his miſtreſs; but could not trace the *channel* of his information.

Whilſt the libertine Sartine hunted the citizens into their moſt private receſſes, and pryed into their midnight revels, his purpoſe was to amuſe a monarch more abandoned than himſelf, by a recital of the moſt laſcivious adventures, by which he might palliate his own debaucheries by the example of others.

I doubted whether I ſhould read or deſtroy the epoſitory of Proſtitute Intelligence; but yielding more to indignation than curioſity, I thought this the beſt opportunity of diſcovering to a long infatuated people the depravity to which an enlightened city, but unadorned with virtue, may attain. It is ſalutary to bring them acquainted with thoſe men whom they took for patterns of wiſdom.

The ſins of the fathers may prove beneficial to the children.

This idea alone has encouraged me to undergo the cenſure of the preſent generation; as by repreſenting it ſuch as it is, I may contribute to the improvement of that which is to follow. To what purpoſe ſhould we make new laws, if we do not adopt a new ſyſtem of morality?

We ſhall now proceed to open the budget.

Mademoiſelle Roſe Alexander, of la Serre in Burgundy, finely ſhaped, with brown hair, black eyes, and a large mouth, but beautiful teeth, was the property of M. de Mortemart; yet though abundantly ſupplied, ſhe preferred living with the Muſketeer St. Marre in a furniſhed lodging, where he loaded her with debts. Compelled at length to take up her quarters with a bawd, ſhe had the luck of meeting with the Chevalier de Courbe, who by giving her furniture to the amount of 4,000 livres, brought her almoſt back to her ſenſes.

Chriſtina de Foix, of Sedan, whoſe only fault was too great a length of noſe, ſuffered herſelf to be raviſhed by the Count of Ferari, who perſuaded her ſhe was pregnant: he placed her as ſhopkeeper with a Marchand in St. Dennis's ſtreet, where ſhe diſliked her bed: M. Fancy, a Silverſmith, offered her a better, but he was offended becauſe ſhe ſhared with M. Tournaire, ſon-in-law of M. Dupont, a Pleader at the Chatelet.

Dubois the Actreſs deceived her vigilant parents, and beſtowed her firſt fruits on a Coffee-houſe Waiter. It is true he was the Duke of Fronſac, who, diſguiſed

diſguiſed in a waiſtcoat and apron, carried her chocolate every morning.—M. Villeroi courted her ſhortly after in the quality of a Marquis.

Martingy, a Dancer, was in love with M. de Courchamp for twenty-five guineas a month, provided he would indulge her partiality for the Marquis of Vierville; but ſhe ſoon forſook them both for M. de Bernonville, an officer of the French guards, upon his promiſe of ſettling an annuity on her for life.

Madamoiſelle Raye, a Dancer, comforted M. de Courchamp; ſhe was yet in want of a chemiſe, when he ordered her a pair of ear-rings: he wiſhed her mother to finiſh her education, but ſhe taught her only how to pleaſe the public.

Dorval, who is now Marchioneſs d'Aubard, performed her firſt campaigns with a ſoldier, who deſerted for love of her. When ſhe became tired of him, ſhe had him ſhot. She then became the ſpouſe of a whole company, but deſerted in her turn to join a company of actors. She came at length to Paris, where ſhe had as yet received nothing but love-letters from M. Daniſy, when a ſmile from the Duke of Orleans tempted a Chevalier of St. Lewis to marry her; he loſt his life by it, and ſhe retired to a convent, where ſhe tried ſeveral huſbands, but could not get one to attach himſelf to her.

Geneviſa of Rottemond, the baſtard daughter of Capron, the Dentiſt, who had ſettled eight hundred livres a year upon her, excited the jealouſy of her mother Dumoutier, who feared that her paramour, Dr. St. Ledger, would play at hot-cockles with her daughter. To divert her attention ſhe was regular-

ly ſent to maſs. but ſhe there met with l'Arivée of the opera, who taught her to love her neighbour.

Mademoiſelle Montgautier received a preſent of diamonds from M. de Lenac, and pretended that ſhe would have no farther connection with Veſtris; who alſo pretended to viſit Mademoiſelle Lafont. She thought to have ſecured M. Matowſhie; but M. Senac told her he thought it enough to be made a cuckold by his wife.

Mademoiſelle Granville cannot refuſe to lie with M. de Joinville, maſter of the Requeſts, becauſe he gave her an Engliſh coach; but ſhe will have M. Decaire in her cloſet, to condole, excuſe, and wait for her—nevertheleſs on Friday laſt, as he lay a-bed expecting her at her return from M. de Joinville, the latter ſurpriſed him as he came to ſeek her, for neither of them had ſeen her.

The Marchioneſs of Segur, a Creole, has the prettieſt foot of any woman in Paris.—The Baron of Bezenval has determined her to take revenge of her huſband, who has but one *hand*.

The Duke of la Tremoille pays Martin, a Dancer, ſix hundred livres,—but ſhe has a Pawnbroker for her friend, who behaves more generouſly, for he ſometimes lends her a Biſhop's rocket to ſerve her as a dreſſing gown.

Mademoiſelle Allard has got herſelf painted naked by le Noir: every body *perceives* the likeneſs.

Mr. Tombeuf, an Officer of the Guards, had Cremille almoſt entirely to himſelf, but he would have Madamoiſelle Mars alſo; this caprice coſt him a new

a new gown and a gold box. Cremille follows him in a hackney coach to her rival's door, and boxes the bigamiſt's ears, who in open day-light, and in the ſtreet, begs her pardon, promiſing never to return. He is found to ſign the promiſe which has been ſent to Mademoiſelle Mars, but ſhe declares he muſt ſign another.—

M. Burancois took Mademoiſelle Montenoi after her ſalivation, but as he could allow her no more than 300 livres per month, ſhe conditioned for chances.

The Prince of Naſſau ſent the fore part of his ſhirt to Mademoiſelle Dumaſnado—by way of taking leave—ſhe, more generous, ſent a ſword-knot to M. Fronſac.

On Wedneſday there was a great ſupper at the houſe of Mr. Beudet. Gourdan was there, with four of her *maids* of honour: they flogged *Paris* Beudet, becauſe he had no golden apple to throw among them.

The Duke of Chartres takes Mademoiſelle Dervieux to his arms, who nevertheleſs takes a hundred guineas from my Lord Binſing, and the ſame from the Prince of Soubiſe, but takes care to have the month paid before-hand.

Mademoiſelle Saron had company, and requeſted them all to adjourn from the bed-chamber to the ſaloon; it was becauſe M. Joly de Fleury, Attorney General, wiſhed to *ſpeak* with her: he loſt no time, and her lover, M. de Braudemont, was charmed at her having ſo valuable an acquaintance.

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The Marquis of Louvois took his miſtreſs, Mademoiſelle de Beaulieu, to a ball. He prayed her to amuſe herſelf a while, as he had found a modeſt woman who wiſhed for his company, and ſhe ſoon met with a jolly Engliſhman who wiſhed for her's.

The Chevalier de Baize ſlept with Mademoiſelle Gotteville at the temple. She ſent him away at four o'clock in the morning without an umbrella, and on foot; declaring that a woman of her rank muſt take care of her reputation.

Gourdan ſent Mademoiſelle Martin to the Count Dubarry, who reſigned her to the Mareſchal de Richelieu, and left them together in his chamber.

Julia Morel, of Grainville in Normandy, was daughter to an Eſquire's farmer. She ran away with the Coachman. The 'Squire, on pretence of lamenting the diſtreſs of the family, purſued, overtook, and kept her by the name of Abadie; but in a ſhort time he gave her no other ſatisfaction than concealing the place of her retreat.

Maria Viot, alias Bourcelles, began her career for three livres a week, given her by Commiſſary Blanchard's Clerk. Fontaine, the Duke of Orleans's Secretary, allowed her more, when Viſcount Gamache purchaſed an eſtate for her of twelve thouſand livres.

Julia Brebant, the daughter of an Hair-dreſſer at Vaucouleurs in Champagne, was obliged to make uſe of the common reſource of lodging-houſes, until Montigny, who had the honour of being procureſs to the Mareſchal de Duras, introduced her to him;

him; he found her ſo pretty, that he would ſecure her to himſelf, by placing her in a convent at Ruelle as his god child.—Sometimes ſhe would come to compliment her god-father; he wanted to make her a milliner, that he might have a Seraglio of his own, but the ungrateful little jilt married a drunkard named d'Eſpurau, who preferring wine before her, let her out to the public.

Maria Daſcher, a Surgeon's daughter, was brought to Paris by her own mother, who hawked in the gallery at Verſailles, dreſſed as a Couchoiſe to catch Lewis the Fifteenth, but ſhe hooked only the Marquis of Villeroy, whom ſhe made as happy as a king.

Mademoiſelle Carſout had for her father a Surgeon, for her mother a Midwife, who lived near Val de Grace, in the ſuburb of St. James.—The Chevalier of Bu-de-Lievre became paſſionately fond of her on a ſudden, and had a thouſand things to *ſay* to her when the power of action was no more.—M. Cromot, firſt Clerk in the Comptroller general's office, ſucceeded him.

Mademoiſelle Laboiſſiere, who diſguiſed her carrotty locks with a lead comb, never cloſed her windows, except when M. Philip, ſon to the Caſhier of the royal treaſury, ſupplied the place of the firſt comer.

Mary Frances Daniel, born in a village near Nancy, though ſervant in an inn, could ſee that ſhe was pretty, and flew to a furniſhed apartment in the ſtreet Beaurepaire, where Abbé Mougin, Canon of Baras, ſhared his benefices with her—a dancing maſ-

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ter was to fit her for the theatre, but that talent was not to her taſte; ſhe aſſumed the name d'Aubigny, and having inherited a ſmall annuity, ſhe immediately took out a certificate of her huſband's exiſtence, who was condemned to the gallies at Marſeilles to ſecure the inheritance.

The real name of Mademoiſelle Danozanges is Hemefiance.—Her father, who determined to ſell her leſt ſhe ſhould ſell herſelf, brought her to the Marquis of Puſenat, from Exembourg, becauſe that nobleman in his travels had taken ſome notice of her. He firſt introduced her at Paris. M. Jambert, though not a lord, gave her a lodging in the ſtreet Arbre Su, where her Hair-dreſſer got her with child in ſix months; at which time ſhe became the property of Count Douce. She was pretty, but her lovers were not as critical as the Abbé, who returned his miſtreſs's letter when ill-ſpelt, and left her if ſhe repeated the fault a third time.

Mademoiſelle Haroir, an orphan of the vicinity of Metz, was the moſt amiable of proſtitutes, if a proſtitute can be called amiable; ſhe was content with being a ſervant, but ſhe ſwept Madame Ducheſne, the Milliner's ware-room, ſo gracefully, that M. Durand the Painter made her a preſent of a gown. The Count of Jumilhac offered ſomething more; but M. Meneaud, Deputy Attorney-general, gave her money and his heart too.

Jean Beroud, born in a village in Lorrain, was apprentice to a milliner. Viſcount Sabran led her into temptation, though ſhe preſerved her chaſtity after the loſs of her virginity. She was promiſed eternal love, but was diſappointed when ſhe began to feel the neceſſity of it. Mr. Fouaſſier, the Duke

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of Penthievre's head cook, took her as preſident of the ſports; but fortune proved as fickle to her as love. Happily for her, ſhe poſſeſſed every charm except complexion, when M. Deſprer, cloth-merchant, offered her a ſnug retreat.

Mad. Leroy, of Bourdeaux, was a mercer;—tired of her huſband, ſhe deſerted, bag and baggage, with her paramour. Fortunately for her, ſhe met with an old gentleman of the name of Lacottiere, in the arſenal garden, who offered her a hundred and fifty livres a month, and an item in his laſt will, if ſhe would help to revive his dying lamp.

Henrietta l'Ecuyer reſembled Venus in ſtature, and her intrigue with a lame fellow, with this difference, that the mortal lover was no more than a tobacconiſt who was on the eve of ruin.—He kept her well dreſſed, but allowed her a very poor table, ſo that ſhe was under the neceſſity of applying to the foſtering hand of Madame Briſſaut, who ſent her to M. de Courchamp as her niece.—There might, indeed, be a kindred, for ſhe had juſt eſcaped ſalivation.

Louiſa Mallet, of Montrouge, was perſuaded by M. de Montboiſſier, ſon to the commandant of the mouſqueteers, that him whom ſhe *would* love for two days, *ſhould* love her all his life; he gave her a hair ring to bind the agreement. Probably neither of them knew, when this ring was put on the fourth finger of the left hand, that one of its fibres communicated with the heart. The poor little maid of the mill could not ſecure his conſtancy, though ſhe poſſeſſed that meekneſs which is more characteriſtic of the fair ſex than beauty itſelf.

Antonietta Vallée, of Nancy, was daughter to the King of Poland's plaiſterer. The Prince of Chimay took her to his arms—On the firſt night ſhe was in pain, on the ſecond in raptures, on the third in neither.

Magdalen Queru, called Laſaque, the daughter of a ſadler at Gruz in Franche Comté, was perſuaded by a Swiſs officer that he could teach her a trade that would be more valuable to her than a real eſtate:—the ſilly girl thought it was for her advantage; and he deprived her of a rich treaſure, the love of labour—ſhe became a ſtreet-walker.

Mademoiſelle Desjardins, of the pariſh of St. Roch, was ſo ill treated by her mother, who enjoyed a property of four or five thouſand livres a year, becauſe ſhe would not take a huſband of her chuſing, that ſhe took refuge with a company of comedians, where ſhe thought ſhe might maintain her virtue. She would not give her hand without her heart, and behaved in an exemplary manner, until the Duke of Montmorency, hearing of her childiſh ſentiments, metamorphoſed himſelf into a ſhower of gold, or into a bull, we are not ſure which, and after a month's ſiege, converted her into the Baroneſs of Fraqueville; yet his charming Dutcheſs waited his return every night at her balcony, to receive a cold verbal good Good-night! and no more.

Mad. Lequin St. Gerard had for her father a bookſeller, and for her huſband a ſchoolmaſter; neither of them knew of her having had the honour of ſeeing the ſon of a grocer of the ſuburb of St. Antony taken from her ſide by the King's order, as was the ſon of M. Pulvy, who diſſipated in her company his neighbour's property. The King allowed her, for her

her amuſement, a hatter of the place, Maubert, the Duke of Bouillon's ſquire, &c.—All was fiſh that came to her net; her own huſband upon a pinch.

Jean Richard St. Severin was the daughter of a maſon, who ſuffered nobody to kiſs her when ſhe was a child, becauſe ſhe heard a ſaying of Madame Maintenon, that kiſſes breed bad thoughts; but her aunt, who was the Turkiſh Ambaſſador's miſtreſs, thought otherwiſe, and lent her own houſe for her to take her *degrees* in.

Jean Vaubertrand, of Lyons, had a lover who diſcovered, when too late, that a woman's pocket ſhould be without money. The Farmer-general Derigny knew this, for he allowed her the profits ariſing from a tobacco-office, the uſual ſtipend given by that claſs to their miſtreſſes. She came to Paris as a ſinger, where ſhe met with M. Gineſte, who furniſhed an apartment for her: and, though ſhe herſelf paid the quarter's rent, ſhe could not give him ſhare of his own bed, as it was deſtined for M. Seguier, who,

The happy rival of a thouſand lovers,

would fly into a paſſion when he diſcovered on the nail, where he uſed to hang his Doctor's bonnet, the Dauphin's foſter-father's hat hung up, M. Dufour.

Mad. Nace, of the Street de l'Echelle, was the daughter of one of thoſe women who, having ſhaken off all modeſty, reſolve to laugh at every thing.—By her precepts her daughter conceived an antipathy againſt marriage, which gives to one what all are deſirous of.—She firſt beſtowed her favours on Mr. Rondé, keeper of the King's jewels, who was charged with having ſold to the amount of 500,000, livres

of them, for the diſcharge of a debt of 80,000, which his Majeſty owed him.

Mademoiſelle Leclair, a dancer at the Italian Opera-houſe, being grown rich enough to keep a waiting-maid, took her mother in that capacity; but when ſhe grew yet richer, advanced the old lady to the dignity of her companion. M. de Vorgemond and M. Saimſon, the one a gendarme, the other a muſketeer, alternately lent her their coaches.

The Counteſs of Sabatini, daughter of a ſerjeant in the Swiſs guards, and of a ſutler, excited the curioſity of her Colonel at the age of eleven years, and gave him leave to gather the green fruit. This military exploit was the cauſe of his being arreſted at Nice, and impriſoned in the fort of Carré; but he did not remain there long, for ſhe being long accuſtomed to obtain favours, no ſooner found an opportunity of ſpeaking to Count Sabatini, the Prime Miniſter of Modena, than ſhe procured his releaſe. Their intimacy became ſo great, that, ever ſince, ſhe goes by his name. Notwithſtanding her title, ſhe was a long while at Paris before ſhe could procure a ſupper, or a crown-piece. She was under the neceſſity of wheedling a German Baron, who was too feeble to taſte his happineſs. M. Barthelin, an Officer of the Marſhalſea, whoſe quarters were always in thoſe woods where, though but two enter, three generally return, took her for Diana, becauſe ſhe took him for Endymion; but, as ſhe frankly owned ſhe could live upon ambroſia, he reſigned her to Mr. St. Florintin, who thought he robbed the gods. His lordſhip took great pains to bind her to the ſoil, and in a ſhort time ſhe gave laws to France.—The pains ſhe took to compaſs the revolution, are well known. Did ſhe not contribute to, and haſten

it,

it, by prompting the King and his miniſters to adopt the meaſures that diſguſted the people—thanks, immortal thanks, to the Counteſs of Sabatini, and to the Chevalier d'Arcq, her goſſip.

Maria Jean Boyelle Fontenai flaunted in jewels before ſhe had a ſmock to her back. M. de la Ferté took her from the Stews to the French Theatre, where ſhe continued to merit the character ſhe bore in her former dwelling. M. Le Doux, receiver of the taxes, was deeply in love with her, though ſhe is but a pretty ideot.

Louiſa Friope, of St. Foix, made her firſt choice of a King's Solicitor. She was not quite abandoned, as ſhe became pregnant. An American would fain have taken her acroſs the Atlantic, but ſhe doubted of ſucceſs in a country where men's taſte is ſo vitiated as to eſtimate two blacks only as equal to one white woman.

Yoris of Alinville, was placed in an apartment, furniſhed at his own expence, by a Jew, who made it a point with her to open the windows whenever there was thunder, as it might announce the coming of the Meſſiah.—He diſmiſſed her, as Abraham did Hagar, with a cruſt and a pitcher of water. All the gallants ſhe had afterwards were Chriſtians.

Maria Barbara Sophia Faillon la Feret, of Rumigny in Picardy, became in love with as many as loved her, and could enjoy quiet only in the infirmary of Surgeon Darnet: even here ſhe was ſolicited by M. Duvaneel, who had been Treaſurer of the King's Alms, to take upon her the care of his houſe; begging only that ſhe would diſguiſe her charms a little under the large lappets of a chambermaid's head-

head-dreſs, until he could finiſh the ſuit he was then engaged in, for a divorce from his wife.

Mad. Martin, of Straſbourg, had taken a huſband in ſpite of her parents. Baron Andelot, for views of his own, ſheltered the young couple; he procured a place for the one, which was a decent way of petitioning for one from the other. Thiſtles grew up where roſes were hoped for, and all the parties reaped only bitter remorſe for their ſhort-lived joys. The muſketeer Ducoudrai, who was a conſtant cuſtomer to La Varenne, bought for a trifle the beauty, with curling treſſes, and poliſhed teeth, like nice ſtrung pearls.

Mary-Anne Brenigar d'Erivée, of Rheims, in Champagne, took her firſt leſſons in the ſcience of Vice from a young Upholſterer, named Bourlois. She became a proficient, and never left her bed unleſs ſhe was ſick indeed, ſo congenial were her conſtitution and inclination. M. Baſmond, a Captain of the royal regiment of Comtois, often paſſed nights of twenty-four hours in length with her.

Forgeville Vaudreuil had already ruined an American, when a ſilk merchant of Bourdonnais-ſtreet, would make an experienced houſewife of her: ſhe pretended a deference to his opinion, until the marquis of Chambray, who paid her generouſly, becauſe he knew the difficulty of communicating pleaſure, ſhould viſit her.

La Vallée du Pin, a dancer, was guilty of many falſe ſteps, though under the eye of M. de Villeneuve, Receiver-general of the Finances. The Duke of Uzés, who found her in a ſeraglio, where ſhe took in caſual jobs, preſented her with a repeating watch,

to

to divert her attention from his wry faces, and the hump upon his ſhoulders.

M. D'Aine, Maſter of the Requeſts, was ſurely ignorant that his miſtreſs Dumeſnil had lovers even in the cells of the Chatelet.

Benneſeran Maranville accompanied the Chevalier de Lens to Rouen and the Coaſts, dreſſed in a Huſſar's uniform. She was more ſucceſsful in raiſing recruits than he was—Lemoine modelled many of his ſtatues from her naked limbs.

The father of Villet Merny was a Surgeon, who gave her a bad education. At the age of fifteen ſhe loſt that endowment, which, when freely beſtowed, is ineſtimable, when her parents threatened to have her taken up by a Lettre-de-Cachet, as if confinement could ſecure chaſtity. She procured admittance into the French Theatre as a dancer, which gives the King's privilege to follow one's own inclination. M. Barnou de Vignoles did not loſe the opportunity.

Mademoiſelle Aubin was the King's hair-dreſſer's daughter. The Governor of Fontainbleau, M. Montmorin, thought it his duty to teach her how to get children; ſhe thought it her duty to get a livelihood by that ſcience; this put M. Joinville to the expence of ſome ſettlements, who being a Counſellor in Parliament, always put off the payment until his goods were ſeized. M. D. Culan, Knight of Malta, was more cautious.

Maria de Lorene Moratte was born at Alençon. M. Guy, a Captain of the regiment of St. Chaumont, robbed her of her innocence, and M. Lemaitre,

tre, an officer of the royal marines, deprived her of her health. She died of a flannel fever at Bicêtre—but not until M. Dumetz de Roſnay, Preſident of the Chamber of Accounts, dignified her by the title of one of his eſtates.

Mary Anne Delahay Legendre, of Rouen, had her firſt penſion of eight hundred livres from an Abbé, her firſt furniture from a footman of Orleans, and her firſt coach from a Lieutenant in the Swiſs Guards. She would have been chaſte, had ſhe been born to a fortune.

Jaquelina Camouche obtained admittance as an actreſs to the French Theatre, becauſe her ſiſter was Armaud's bed-fellow. The Duke of Lauraguais gave her her theatrical dreſs, though he could not diſcharge his obligation of 30,000 livres, made to the Dancer Riquet. Her father, who was Courier to the Banker Lambert, was confined to the Baſtile by the Inſpector Durocher, to gain time to read his diſpatches.

Mad. Ferriere de Serre was aſſured, by a Canon of Vincennes, that, although the Clergy are forbid to take wives, there is no Canon-law that forbids wives to take the Clergy: but he was too much ſubject to inconſtancy. She attached herſelf then to the Laity, and M. de Bregé, the oldeſt Counſellor of the Grand Council, whoſe only merit was his wealth, took her in partnerſhip with M. Dorné, who had nothing but youth of his ſide. They got her huſband (for ſhe had found one) a commiſſion in the City Guards.

Maria Morelle Guimard, the baſtard daughter of a Jew, who preferred death in a priſon to the payment

ment of his debts, ſhewed ſo much elegance in her expreſſions, that ſhe excited the curioſity of people to try if ſhe would be as elegant in action. The Preſident St. Lubin, had taken ſo much care of her education, that M. Bertin, of the Incidental Revenue, ſometimes forgot the charms of Mad. Ilus, in the arms of Terpſichore.

Mad. Charlet, who paid 1400 livres a year for her apartment, was far from being even pretty; yet the bailiff of Sourac paid her as liberally as if ſhe had been a firſt-rate beauty.

Beaumier de Ville, of Savoye, jingled a triangle in company with ſome ſtrolling muſicians, who played through the city; yet ſhe had the good fortune of getting 8000 livres a year by her complaiſance to a Culan, at Chatelain, a Counſellor Varenne, a Robinet, and other ſuch dupes, even an only ſon of a Receiver-general of Finance, de Villareau, who dearly purchaſed her ſuperannuated favours, and faſtened diamond pins in her grey hairs.

Magaret Brunet Montauſier, of Provence, went to Martinico, in the year 1749, with the Superviſor Huſſon, who made her a Milliner; but, ſoon tired of dreſſing womens' heads, ſhe thought it more glorious to diſtract thoſe of the men. She alternately beſtowed her favours on the Marquis of Chimenes, the Prince of Naſſau-Sarbruk, Colonel d'Eſparbès, Devoyer d'Argenſon, the Marquis of Souvré, the Marquis of Fouſſac, the Chevalier de Beſons, the Marquis of Signelay, the Count of Vellegagnon, M. de Puyſegur, the Duke of La Trimoille, M. de Viarme, M. Thiroux de Montregard, M. de Roguefeuil, M. de Roſtaing, beſides a great number of inferior rank;

and ſhe had the honour of ſeeing them all jealous.

Maria Cromol was one of two ſiſters, whoſe father was Director of the Tobacco-ſtores at Marſeilles, and gave them a genteel education. After his death, the widow brought them to the Street du Mail, where their neighbour La Varenne procured them employment; for the one, that of gratifying the Count of La Tour d'Auvergne; for the other, that of pleaſing M. Sibire, a Notary in the Street St. Denis. It would have been cheaper for either to have married them.

Jean Louiſa Ferriere, the daughter of a Shoemaker in the Street des Blancs Manteaux, was ſold by him to an Officer of the Saxon Regiment, for a guinea, on condition that he would allow her half a guinea. She ſoon got a better price, by becoming the property of M. de la Baſtid, a banker.

Louiſa Desforges, a baker of Dijon, was old enough to inſpire love, before ſhe was inclined to give the moſt diſtant hope of ſucceſs. A Gendarme of the Guard, the ſooner to gain his end, took her away by force, but ſoon abandoned her, when ſhe was picked up by an American in the Street du Columbier. There wanted nothing now but money, and M. Aſſer poſſeſſed that requiſite.

Roſaly Forgeot, of Chalon ſur Saone, was married to a Copperſmith, who loſt her at a fair. Her aunt, M. Aſtruc, the Preſident's Cook, took her in to learn the duties of a chambermaid; but a footman belonging to M. Ormiſſon taught her quite another trade. She retired to the houſe of a Surgeon, to conceal

conceal her lying-in, who perſuaded her that ſhe was worſe than ſhe imagined. The Officer of the Water-works and Foreſts, who carried her into Burgundy, never ſuſpected that ſhe had met with thoſe accidents.

Monginet of Normandy diſguſted her lovers, becauſe her only merit was her beauty. M. de Cheneviers, a Captain of Cavalry, gained her good will, by a promiſe of that which it is not in the power of Pleaſure to confer—happineſs. She was oppreſſed with every ſpecies of want, when M. de Caze, Director-general of the higher order of taxes, cloathed her nakedneſs, and furniſhed an apartment for her.

Frances of Travaux, the daughter of an Attorney of Vezoul, in Franche-comté, felt that time was tedious in the country. Idleneſs is the forerunner of evil doing. She was thought ſound-hearted; but the faireſt looking fruit is often rotten at the core.

Mad. du Chauzay invaded the very Sanctuary of Themis, to recover an annuity from M. Le Fevre, an American, as if her weakneſs alone had procured her the honour of maternity. But to prove that circumſtance, ſhe ſhould not have received the viſits of M. Ruhot, of M. Bontems, and others.

Frances Bravſatin yielded her virginity, at the age of fifteen, to M. Meuſnier, a Canon of Mons. Great as the diſtance was from that to the Hoſpital, ſtage by ſtage, ſhe attained it at laſt.

The elder baroneſs of Vaſſe is a favourite with Foreigners, becauſe ſhe has the gift of tongues. The Count of Maldegene, the Emperor's Chamberlain, ſtudies her as he would a grammar; and is ſuch a

proficient, that he is already maſter of the appropriation of genders.

The Marquis of Vorgemont, Colonel of the regiment of Soubiſe, concealed little Rouard in the Street Grange Bateliere, and made her exchange her own for the name of Moranville. Her father, a Carpenter of Lille, ſeeks her, and laments her abſence; but he will not find her, until it is out of his power to reſcue her from the Royal Academy of Muſic.

Mad. Mouchet, whilſt her huſband thought her all his own, thought herſelf better adapted for univerſal accommodation. She has been long caſting her net to catch a lob, but could hit only upon a Dutchman, whoſe paſſion is founded upon her love of brandy. As ſhe ſcorns to hold any thing in future from her huſband, ſhe calls herſelf Dorvillet.

M. Guerin, the Prince of Conte's Surgeon, who leaves no ſtone unturned to procure game for his employer, has preſented his Highneſs with a little girl of thirteen, whom he was ordered to examine, and report particulars at the Prince's levee.

Mad. Teſtar, under the different names of Zaira and Theophila, was ſentenced to ſpend three years in a dungeon, at the Hoſpital, for her preſumption in defiling the Mareſchal Duke of Duras's bed with his own Courier, La Joye. She is on the point of becoming Counteſs of Jaucourt; but the Notary Public, Clauze, diſputes the property with the Count, though the lady is ſuppoſed to prefer the title to the ſtudy, even if the Clerks ſhould be thrown into the bargain.

M. Jacquemain, the Crown Jeweller, has offered little

little Berville all that is due to her by the King, except 1,800,000 livres—but ſhe is not prejudiced in favour of royal commodities.

Legrand, who had a trifling ſtipend from the Counſellor Minute, has initiated the ſon of a certain Farmer-general, and given alſo the firſt leſſon in the myſteries of Cytherea to the ſon of an Apothecary; but ſhe ſeems better pleaſed with M. Gauthier's money, than with M. Le Lievre's Pilulæ Salutariæ. She was intimate with Madame Dubarry, and often told her brother, that a pretty ſiſter was the ſureſt way to become a King's brother-in-law.

Mad. Laforeſt has had the luck of entangling the Marquis du Hallais; yet they quarrel every day.

M. de la Taxe, the American, before he became acquainted with the cuſtoms of Paris, did not know that a woman is like a city, in which, when taken, the conqueror leaves the old inhabitants. He quarrelled with the Caſtilian, becauſe ſhe admitted into his ſet ſome Dancers, who would not pay the piper. She was in ſuch a pet, that ſhe ſwore ſhe would ſee him no more. He caſt himſelf on his knees; ſhe was inexorable: he promiſed to adore her to his laſt breath; ſtill inflexible, he preſented her his purſe; ſhe ſmiled—"Get up; people may imagine I forgive you!"

The Duke of Alba ſent word to D'Hervieux, that if ſhe would be ſo obliging as to ſpend a morning at his hotel, he would make her a preſent of what ſhe had moſt a fancy to. She thought the propoſal too indefinite, her object being ſix thouſand livres; ſhe could not afford a breakfaſt at a cheaper rate.

After

After M. Heron, Receiver of the Aſſignments, having ſeen the proceſſion of Corpus Chriſti paſs at the window of Lafond, from Lyons, was ſurprized at her having fathered her child upon him, before the Commiſſary Serebeau. The Commiſſary was ſo moderate as to require no more than three hundred livres for the lying-in, beſides an annuity of eight hundred livres; but he did not conſider, that when a man walks bare-footed in a thicket of briars, he cannot tell which of them *pricked* him.

Count Dubarry is in treaty for La Roux, a native of Alſace. Her mother has the diſpoſal of her, in the Street St. Appolline. She promiſed him wonders; but it was the mountain in labour—how could *he* be deceived?

The King of Sweden's ſons, who came to France to learn the art of governing, were preſented laſt night with their caps, by Mad. Marquiſe of Provence, and Mad. Deſmarq.—This is a kind of crown with which they have dignified many kings.

A Jeweller of the Street St. Honore, expoſes all his jewels on the perſon of Babet. His wife is afraid that, in the end, ſhe will miſtake them for her own property.

The Duke of Chartres ſupped, on the 29th March 1 71, at No. 2, in Blanche Street, with the Dukes of Lauzern, Fronſac, Fitzjames, and Conflans, the Marquiſſes of Laval and Clermont, and the Count of Coigny: they had but three girls; their converſation ran on a Painter's daughter, who refuſed to ſurrender. The Duke of Luxembourg had ſent an Abbé to propoſe to her father and mother ſix thouſand livres a year, and one thouſand in caſh.

M. de

M. de Sainteſoi, Treaſurer of the Marine, bid more. Fitzjames offered a bet of 150 guineas, that in eight days he would give her, with her own conſent, to M. de Conflans. The Preſidenteſs Briſſaut declared, that no girl could carry on buſineſs without her permiſſion. The company agreed, that ſhe ſhould ſhare the honour and profit of the conqueſt with the Duke.

Roſaly du Thé was not long confined to a ſingle looking-glaſs, a few combs, and a water-pot, at her toilet. Though ſhe had loſt her innocence, ſhe preſerved the maſk, and was the firſt that introduced the Duke of Chartres into the arcana of love. M. Durfort, who was as jealous of her as Titus was of Berenice, is convinced that a man ſoon gets tired of a fair ideot—he would willingly exchange her with the Count Madowſki for his beautiful wife.

The baron of Houlai has ſold a lot of timber at his eſtate in Normandy, that will bring him in eighty thouſand livres. This ſum will induce Mad. Breman to overlook his being afflicted with the falling ſickneſs.

The Baron of Oigny, who has created Mad. Le Coq Baroneſs of Burman, brought her yeſterday a pair of bracelets that coſt ten thouſand livres. Not long before ſhe got them, ſhe gained a pair of pendants of the ſame value in her private cloſet.

Mad. Buillon has a ſervant who attends her conſtantly by order of her huſband, maſter of the Requeſts. She begs the Lieutenant of Police to give her a truſty perſon to act the part of Mercury, and ſet her Argus to ſleep.

The

The Marquis of Genlis met a girl of Orleans at the Coliſeum, who laughed immoderately becauſe her teeth were white and regular. Her name is Maiſonneuve. He gave her a handful of guineas, which he could well afford, as he has lately won upwards of thirteen thouſand.

Duraney is nine months gone with child; nobody doubts it, not even the Abbé Darty, who ſleeps every night with her. She picked a quarrel with him when ſhe thought it time to lye in; and he was well pleaſed to obtain a reconciliation at the price of a ſettlement of three hundred louis a year; with this ſpecial clauſe, that he ſhall not find fault with her receiving viſits from the Count of Eſcars, from the Provoſt of Paris, the Superintendent of Caumartin, and his Secretary Veytard.

The Chevalier de Choiſeul Meuze vied with Deſbrugnieres for the poſſeſſion of Madam Roncheray, it was which ſhould have his Majeſty's leavings. She enjoys the ten thouſand livres that iſſue from the Deer-park. One of the two is already ſick for having ſeen her.

Mad. Mars, though in want of a complexion, went to London in ſearch of a fortune: but ſhe forgot that the Engliſh are not fond of paint.

M. de Bourgogne has ruined his credit with the girls. Mademoiſelle Jonville was open to him on all ſides. He aſked for the key of her ſtudy to write a letter; ſhe gave it, and left him alone, leſt her preſence ſhould divert his attentions. He took her pocket-book, which contained his own note of hand for twenty thouſand livres, his obligation to make her a ſettlement, ten thouſand livres in drafts on the farms,

farms, and a pair of ear-rings, together with a hundred guineas in caſh. He abſents himſelf; ſhe runs about after him, but meets with his friends, who pledge themſelves for his honeſty and affection. He has already returned her every thing that he had not given; and ſhe is pretty confident, that, if he does not give back the notes, ſhe will be able to get new ones from him, to a much greater amount.

The Chevalier de Jaucourt has purchaſed two diamond cluſters, one for the Princeſs of Baufremont, the other for Beauſoiſin; it is thought, the latter will be diſſatisfied with the competition.

M. Pethion, the ſon, Treaſurer of the King's buildings, who has engaged the Dancer Sarron for ſome months, would have ſurpriſed M. Bertin de Blagny in bed with her, this day at noon, had not her lively waiting-maid concealed him time enough in her watering-cloſet.

Teſtar goes to ſea with Mr. Perault, who gives her a habitation of fifty thouſand livres. She is not aware of the caprice of the Americans, who fly ſuddenly from white to black.

The Count of Sades cannot comprehend how a big-bellied Sultan has got footing with Mad. Collette, an Actreſs belonging to the Italian Theatre, who ſhould receive preſents from himſelf alone. Bulky as her cloaths-preſs, he privately conveys to her the moſt elegant habiliments, and a pair of ear-rings. She ſhews them to all thoſe who can afford to outvie him, even whilſt the Marquis of Lignerac lies ſweating under her toilet.

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Humbert Mongé was looked upon as fair-haired, though ſhe might paſs for carrotty, if ſhe would. Her father was a Notary at Maſtricht. By her unlimited complaiſance to the Baron of Freback, Chancellor to the Prince of Liege, ſhe obtained pardon for a man who was ſentenced to be beheaded.

The Duke of **** caught his wife in a certain fact with his ſon's Preceptor. She aſked him, with court-like effrontery, why he was not at hand?—"When my attendant is not preſent, I take the firſt-comer by the—arm."

The Superintendant Sauvigny's Secretary, whoſe ſalary is but ſix thouſand livres, ſpends eight hundred a month with Mad. Bretueil, who is the couſin of the Meſd. Queſnel du Torp, whom the firſt Preſident of the Parliament of Rouen ſent to St. Pelagia. She was of good family, and therefore aſſumed the title of Baroneſs of Bretueil. Of her might be ſaid—

Unrivall'd at a diſtance ſhe'll appear;
But all her charms will fade if you draw near.

The famous Deſchamps loves all *man*kind, her huſband excepted; becauſe ſhe fears ſhe ſhall meet him in the other world.

M. Teiſſier, who has had three children by Maupin, and given her upwards of thirty thouſand livres in notes, has ſo much eſteem left for his wife, as to bluſh at his error in her preſence; and has offered to this unmarried mother, not only to have the children well educated, but to ſecure to them ſix hundred livres a year, and to her twelve hundred. She ought to want, who could refuſe ſo good an offer.

It is aſtoniſhing that the Patrole have not yet diſcovered the Count of la Marche in his nocturnal expedition of viſiting the Princeſs Chimay's houſe, by entering at a narrow paſſage to her cellars, in the Street de Roſieres. He deſerves to be brought before the Commiſſary.

Mad. de Fontaine Martel did not yield to death, until ſhe found ſhe could no longer ſerve *man*kind. On the day of her death, after enquiring what it was o'clock, ſhe exclaimed, "Heaven be praiſed, whatever be the hour, there is a rendezvous."—One of our courteſans adopted the ſame expreſſion yeſterday.

Mademoiſelle Thiery is juſt come from the hoſpital, aud has already met with M. Vaſſal, the ſon of the Receiver-general of the Finance, who promiſed her thirty thouſand livres. When people have ſo much money to ſpare, what pity that happineſs is not for ſale!

"What a life is that of a Woman of Pleaſure!" ſaid Pagés Deſchamps once in a frolic, "I really believe it would be more comfortable to live chaſte." Her maid overheard her, and repeated the expreſſion to her Confeſſor, who carried it to the Dutcheſs of Nivernois. Here was an opportunity of reſcuing a ſoul from perdition. This new convert was offered a god for her lover; and ſhe retired to the Convent of the Carmelite Nuns, in the Street St. Jaques. The Marquis of Bandole ſought for her, but did not go to maſs often enough to diſcover her. In ſpite of his vigilance, ſhe reached to Ligny, near Bar leduc. A young Officer of the regiment of Conflans, ſaw her in the parlour. Man is like a ſerpent, that

will ſoon get into the body, if once he gains admiſſion to the head.

The Baron of Andileau, who had the German Zinſle put into priſon, on pretence of her having robbed him of a curtain, ſleeps in his own houſe, with open curtains, with fat Benoiſt and luſty Theophila; who are in a plot of ruining him, before he brings them to his country-ſeat at Vignoles, in Brie.

The girls complain, that all their winter geer is in pawn, to purchaſe taffety.

Elizabeth Vallée d'Eſmars, of Liſieux, who at the age of fourteen would impudently cry out,

> Great Gods! once more reſtore it, that I may
> Once more be robb'd on't, in a nobler way;

ſold what ſhe had already loſt to the Commendatory Abbot of Fontaineblanche, the Abbé Durfort. She lodges in the Street des Vieux Auguſtins, where ſhe forms large expectations from the meetings of the *clergy!*

The Counteſs Duqueſnay, who poſſeſſes no tinge of nobility, aſtoniſhed that ſhe can no longer charm M. de Chabrillant, nor M. Bertin, nor M. de Mazieres, nor—nor—nor—begins to make commentaries on thoſe lines of Deſhoulieres—

> Warm's the purſuit for medals ſtampt of old,
> Tho' baſe the metal, now 'tis paid in gold.
> Old mutilated buſts and pictures riſe
> In value, as from age we fix their price.
> The ruins of a circus, temple, tomb,
> The work of ancient Egypt, Greece, or Rome,
> Shall fix th' admiring traveller's rapt'rous eye,
> Whilſt we, when old, ſcorn'd and unpitied die.

M. Ho-

M. Hocart of Beſſigny, who has forſaken Pirart, is fallen in love with Fleury, who, though he is in deep mourning for his father, makes him dance Allemands at the balls of Auteuil, Paſſy, and St. Cloud.

The Preſident Dumary's ſon, who doated on himſelf alone—that Narciſſus, who was at length, with difficulty perſuaded to take compaſſion of the fair ſex—has fixed his affections on Madam Noyan, to whom he has given his note for ten thouſand livres, payable in two years. The paper was ſcarcely dry, when he would fain recal even the furniture he had given her. She ſwears, on her conſcience, that ſhe has nothing too much, except the diſorder he gave her.

The Writer of the Street Croix deſpedits Champs, near the Hotel de Penthievre, has at length found the Horn of Plenty. His wife, who fell out with the Sieur Danet, the Fencing-maſter, on account of ſome ill-managed thruſts, has had the good fortune of captivating the Solicitor-general's ſon, although ſhe has loſt ſome of her teeth. He has taken a lodging for her in the Street Copeau, Suburb of St. Marceau; ſhe will be better off there, than in the Street Aux Ours, where a thin partition ſtood at night between her huſband and her lover, who grew rich by ſleeping. This Mad. Colinet acted the part of a lamb * at the Baſtile. It was ſhe, who, in mockery of the

* A lamb is a handſome man or woman, ſent by Government to the priſoners, according to their ſex, to make love to them, gain their confidence, and even grant them the laſt favour, in order to diſcover their ſecrers, and again betray them to their employers. But the lamb was never brought into play, except there was a material deficiency in the proofs. This method was ſometimes adopted, eſpecially in later ages, in lieu of the torture.

reſpectful

reſpectful intreaties of the Inſpector, who would caſt himſelf at her feet, and cry, " My charming Queen! do grant me the favour!" would anſwer, " Go, you fool, is it cuſtomary to *aſk* ſuch a thing?"—A hint that he was welcome to take it.

The Prince of Lembourg had made Mad. Siam a preſent of ſome jewels: my Lord Wilman forbid her to wear them. They were offered for ſale to the very Jeweller the Prince had bought them of: it came to his ears, and he took from her the coach and horſes he had given her. She diſguiſed herſelf as a peaſant, went to his lodge in New France, and begged his pardon for loving an Engliſhman.

The confinement of little Saimſon is all the talk of the Green-rooms. He was the women's darling, for with them he followed Dean Swift's recipe: " Two or three viſits; two or three vows; two or three polite compliments; two or three oaths; two or three kiſſes, with two or three ſighs; two or three " O Gods!"—and, " I die with pleaſure!" two or three ſqueezes of the hand, with two or three hearty ſhakes, and a few guineas dropt in the houſe, will always be ſure to make cuckolds." Mademoiſelle Lafant had the misfortune of being attached to this Saimſon, as not to reſiſt his deſire of having her ſilver toilet and her gold boxes, which he pawned with the Taylor Marainville, who has already transferred them to Rabatille. The Chevalier Eclhin did not foreſee that they would be turned to ſo vile a uſe, when he gave them to her.

Mad. de Ville, of the Street des Martyrs, who had gathered a ſufficiency to procure a huſband, has alſo gathered wherewithal to purchaſe an eſtate. M. Vilareau has juſt paid her an annuity of 100 piſtoles.

M. Ville-

M. Villemur, Receiver-general of the Finances, who is as fond of women as he is of dogs, keeps a kennel and a ſeraglio. His chief pleaſure is to train them up from their childhood, educating and providing for them: he pays the maſters that teach little Durieux, little Dupin, little Tourville, and every morning he viſits his children: it is ſaid, he *ſpoils* them. When he has company to dine with him, he ſerves his girls up to his gueſts.

The Count of Rochefort has given fifteen guineas tó tall La Croix: this is too high a price for her ſhattered wares; for he himſelf acknowledges, that ſhe could give the breaſt as the Hottentots do, with the nipple thrown over her ſhoulders.

M. de Lowendal has changed his fancy; for he no longer kiſſes the hand of little Saimſon, who has now got a courier and bearded footmen. He proved his change of taſte to the Baroneſs of Burman, who is always paid, but never purchaſed; but the Duke of Fitzjames, the Duke of Chartres's Jackall, came to announce a viſit from his Highneſs: ſhe received him as Ambaſſadors are admitted in ſome courts, when they come to aſk a Princeſs in marriage, they ſet one foot upon the bed.

The widow of an Officer of the King's houſhold, hawks her eldeſt daughter in the markets of the Palais-royal. She reſerves the youngeſt for a noble chapter, when ſhe is ſufficiently recovered from a milk-fever.

Two Engliſh women have alighted at the Hotel de Tours, in the Street de Jardinet: the one is named Walker, the other Moore. A grey Muſketeer is their French maſter. On Sunday laſt, he ſent them

them a piece of apple-green grogram, to make them gowns.

> Next morning he was much leſs mild,
> And got the wenches both with child.

Whilſt M. Bertin, of the Incidental Revenue, whoſe adulterics have been ſo expenſive to the State, for he goes into mourning for every pretty woman, was throwing the handkerchief to the Actreſs Laviette; his wife, whom he would ſcarcely allow himſelf time to get with child, was preparing a handſome amuſement for his birth-day, at Paſſy. The Italian Players were to repreſent the Kiſs taken and given back, with the Milk-maid. She had the art of ſurpriſing him every way: were ſhe not his wife, he could not but doat upon her.

The Marquis of Perſennat, not ſatisfied with loſing his money at play, throws it alſo into the ſieve of the Danaids Belvere, Dangeville, Dupin, Danguy. All his miſtreſſes are little ones. Venue was not as tall as Minerva.

Mademoiſelle Girard, one of thoſe mercenary beauties, who

> Tow'rds ev'ning hawk their charms along the ſtreet,
> And ſtrive to fix each paſſenger they meet;

had a deſign of ſettling in a convent, where ſhe already copied the affectation of the Nuns; but this bit of devotion was occaſioned by her grief at not having taken advantage of the generous purpoſe of M. de la Briche, whom ſhe gave up for Count Dubre. But ſhe will ſoon be brought back into the world, by the paſſion with which ſhe has inſpired M: Vaſſal. It was ſhe who gave one blow of her fiſt, two kicks, and three boxes on the ear, to Mad;

le Doux at M. Pejot de Villers's comedy, becauſe ſhe ſuſpected her of being her rival.

There is a certain Venetian Count whom the Veſtriſes are very attentive to, becauſe they perceive that he has got a diamond ring on his finger worth 150,000 livres. Mad. Veſtris is diſpoſed to do *any thing* rather than he ſhould perſiſt in his deſign of ſelling it to the king.

Mad. Hebert is with child. The Duke of Grammont will find her a huſband, that he may not loſe all his right in her.

The Count of Malzeim, the Queen of Hungary's Chamberlain, having perceived that Marquiſe, notwithſtanding his excluſive privilege, would not give up incidental benefits, has withdrawn, but has paid her 30 guineas of the month, though there were but two days expired. His wiſh was no doubt to baniſh from her memory this old maxim—*The more ſtrangers I am connected with, the more I find myſelf attached to my own countrymen.*

The Prince of Limbourg, who is ſtill in love with Mad. Siam, as he ſpeaks ill of her, pretends to ſhew his indifference by accompanying Beauvoiſin into all public places. Though he is confident that ſhe owes all her attractions to the richneſs of her exterior ornaments—

Her face, 'tis true, with brilliant jewels ſhines,
Her neck too boaſts the product of the mines;
But if you cloſely view her, 'twill appear
They'd look as well e'en in an Ethiop's ear.

Mad. Laforeſt has pledged her word of honour to the Count of Rochfort to diſmiſs Deſſienne on getting one hundred piſtoles per month.—Who would believe, on ſeeing this lady in the paſſage from the Italian Theatre, aſſembling her footmen by the flirt of her fan, and crying aloud, "St. John! "my carriage!" that her father Parabeau was a duſt carrier at Lyons, that ſhe herſelf, covered with rags, begged for a bit of bread in the name of the bleſſed Virgin, and that ſhe was afterwards known to be the highway miſtreſs of a common robber, who was broke upon the wheel?

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur ab illis.

The Marquis of Sabran, at his return from maſs at St. Sauveur, carried away Louiſon of the Comic Opera, who firſt got into the coach, and raviſhed her in his own bed, where ſhe had lain down before him. Her uncle Deſtrayes, of the Italian Comedy, was ſtrongly tempted to proſecute him for a rape and ſeduction—but he thought better of it.

On the 24th March, 1761, the Duke of Chaulnes came to the houſe of Hecquet, to look for Corini to ſup at the houſe of Count Benouville, with Count Vintimille, and threatened the broker of female commodities with the hoſpital, if his name ſhould be reported to the police.

Meſſrs. de Monverdun, de Sougny, and de Lattagnan, all three officers in the guards; Meſſrs. Titon de Villautran, de Seve de Flechere, Son, and Paſquier, all three counſellors, with clumſy M. Auvray, ſupped at the houſe of Harmand, in the ſtreet of Vieux Auguſtins, with Belaire a Negro-

wench,

wench, Palmira a mulatto, and Camilla a white girl. It is not to be doubted but that gentlemen of ſuch exquiſite judgment took care to contraſt the *ſhades*.

The Marquis of Gamache ſent Deſchamps the cheek of a wild boar, which M. Salis found much more exquiſite than if he had paid for it.

The Duke of Lavalliere came to Briſſaut's, to try a variety of *rings*. He had taken off his ſtar and hid his blue ribband.—"How can I help it, my dear Briſſaut," ſays he, "I am quite ſick of Ducheſſes!"

M. de la Tour du Pin paid Carpentier ſix guineas for ſpending a night with him at his lodgings: at her own ſhe is glad to catch *one*.

On Sunday a Knight of St. Lewis engaged the front room at Puville's to ſup in. At nine o'clock he came, with a woman muffled up in her cloak. They remained together till one o'clock in the morning, and eat very little.—A citizen's carriage waited for them at the corner of the ſtreet de Seine, near the Quay; there were two footmen with it, one in a grey frock, the other in yellow livery. There was no poſſibility of keeping up with the horſes; however, it is known that the carriage went through a court in the Street de Colombier.—The next time ſhe ſhall not eſcape the vigilance of our ſpies.

The 4th of April the Duke of Aiguillon gave Manon four guineas in the morning, ten to St.

Martin in the afternoon, and *ſlept* the ſame night with his Ducheſs—What condeſcenſion !

M. de Vauvray, Maſter of the Requeſts, has tranſlated the book intitled De Uſu Flagris in re Venerea; i. e. *Of the Effects of Flogging in the Affairs of Love*, for the benefit of the complaiſant Frederic.

M. Paſquier, Money-broker, Syndic of the Tontines, is often heard to bawl aloud at the houſe of Degranges, in the Street du Roule; when ſhe is aſked the reaſon, ſhe only laughs.

Mad. La Foreſt has aſked the inſpector Marais if it would be dangerous for her to drive her coach and *ſix* to the king's review: he recommended modeſty; that is to ſay, to go with *four*, as it would be better for her to excite *pity* than *envy*.

Dubarry, who conſiders Beauvarnier as a part of his eſtate, *lets her out* ſometimes to the Duke of Richlieu, ſometimes to the Marquis of Villeroi—ſhe *brings him in* a great deal.

Deſbuiſſon-Grécourt, who was born in a dung-cart, has had the addreſs to reconcile two rival nations. By a treaty entered into in her preſence, and ſigned upon her knees, the Duke of Alincourt and my Lord Beintiela took ſuch meaſures as that ſhe ſhould never be alone, even at night, as they were to ſpend each twenty-four hours alternately with her.—She did not complain of being firſt tired of the agreement.

Desforges requeſted the Baron d'Aurillac to oblige her, by getting her ſnuff-box mended by his ſilverſmith.

ſmith. He puſhed his civility farther than was required, by tendering her his own, which was beautiful, and richly ornamented.—Although it does not contain his picture, ſhe has taken ſuch a liking to it, that ſhe cannot be prevailed upon to part with it.

Pinville, who had ſet up her charms to auction, declared the Marquis of Payſegur, Lieutenant-general, the beſt bidder, but granted a licenſe to M. Gondeau, Secretary to the Marechals of France.—It is to be hoped he will not hang himſelf, like that fool Beauvoiſin, for the Baroneſs of Monmany's ſiſter, who warrants her good fortune, as ſhe carries a piece of the rope with which he hanged himſelf, in her pocket:—yet the Preſident de Leſſeville is connected with theſe women—How ſtrange!

St. Foix, the widow of the Marquis of Duras, gets herſelf *dreſſed* by a *hatter*.

The Chevalier de Choiſeul was ogling Beauvoiſin when he cried out in tranſports, "I have caught a look of her's that convinces me ſhe will be mine in a week."

Mad. Lacour has bewitched M. Bagon de Balue. She has paid dear for the diſcovery made by Chriſtopher Columbus, for now the palate of her mouth is made of ſilver; but ſhe ſtill retains the uſe of her tongue.

The Count of Villefranche was ſurpriſed that after two interviews with Boiſmont ſhe had not ſurrendered:—but the reaſon was, that he did not ſet as high a value on her, as ſhe did on herſelf. To revenge himſelf, he invited her to ſupper at the houſe

of

of Bouret. She goes completely accoutred for conqueſt. She was in the height of her good humour, when the drunken gods took it into their heads to behold Venus *in naturalibus*, as ſhe appeared to Paris on Mount Ida. It is reported ſhe ſought for a dagger, like Lucretia, but in a ſhort time ſhe had nothing to hide her nakedneſs, except her hands; when ſhe modeſtly requeſted the Tarquin Villefranche to accompany her to a dark cloſet. There ſhe caſt herſelf at his feet, begging pardon for having ſet too high a price upon her charms, and promiſing, if he will reſcue her from the laſcivious looks of the reſt of the company he ſhall receive in her arms the reward of his interpoſition. As the plot had been of his contrivance, he put a ſtop to the cataſtrophe. Some kiſſes were granted at that time; but nothing went farther. The Count was to complete the buſineſs that very night at her own houſe.—He flies on the wings of love; but how great was his amazement, when he found an exterminating angel, determined to forbid him the entrance into Paradiſe!

Mad. Veſtris has an aſtoniſhing capacity; ſhe ſupplies at once M. Briſſart, M. Hacquart, M. de St. Foy, and a Venetian Count:—but ſhe obeys the maxim,

Encourage none, or give them all their wiſh.

She knows alſo that the mouſe that has but one *hole*, is ſoon caught.

M. Craffort promiſed the dancer Desforges twelve thouſand livres, provided ſhe would not keep company with the dancer Grenier, until he got tired of her, then he would give her leave to marry him. He was ſtill in love with her, when he diſcovered them

them in an unequivocal ſituation, that proved them regardleſs of the portion.

A fop complains, a fool rebukes and roars;
An honeſt man deceiv'd, walks out of doors.

But a generous Engliſhman did not think this enough; he ſent her five and twenty guineas, to enable her patiently to wait an opportunity of catching other dupes.

The Chevalier Elgin is not one of thoſe Engliſhmen who think that ſpeaking ſpoils converſation; for, not ſatisfied with the paſſion he had excited in the breaſt of Mad. le Clair, he alſo pays *ſterling* addreſſes to Mad. Lafort.—Le Clair meets them both together, and boxes both their ears; nor did ſhe confine her revenge to this trifling ſatisfaction, for that very night ſhe had M. Depienne, the known enemy of Elgin, to lie with her: but can ſhe forget that he gave her, in the ſhort ſpace of three months, a cluſter of diamonds of 27,000 livres price; a ring of one ſingle diamond worth 6000 livres; and a gown of gold ſtuff, beſides caſh, in all to the tune of 60,000 livres?

Mad. Collette, the actreſs, received yeſterday in a baſket, under a heap of ribbands and flowers, a little, little, very little whelp, that never barks, and will bite nobody. She is enthuſiaſtically fond of it; and her friends are often under the neceſſity of reminding her, that a pretty woman ſhould never let herſelf be *tickled* by a *puppy!*

Favier has three lovers, M. Durand, M. Tonquini, and M. de Sully. They know each other, and agree as to their hours of viſiting her. As ſhe is ignorant

ignorant of their mutual acquaintance, they delight in her uneaſineſs as to the means of deceiving them all. It is not improbable that vanity has ſome ſhare in perſuading them individually, that although ſhe admits a participation of her perſon, her heart is ſolely attached to one, and each thinks himſelf the happy man.

M. de Senac had ſent his night-cap as a fore-runner of his own arrival, to Beaupré. He comes at the proper hour: but how much muſt he have been amazed at the apology made him by a footman, that his miſtreſs was *unfortunately* under the neceſſity of giving a ſupper to M. Jolly, a dancer, and begging that he would not expoſe himſelf! Prudence entered into competition with rage, and got the better; he walked off peaceably: but reſentment muſt have vent ſomewhere, and what place could be better calculated for the purpoſe than the houſe of Briſſaut, where every thing contributed to his comfort? Pride ſteps in to ſhoulder jealouſy from his ſtrong hold, and prompts him to ſubſtitute contempt in the room of hatred; the hint ſucceeds; and with a deſign of making her aſhamed of her conduct, he ſends fifty guineas and a ſilver warming-pan, as a preſent, to help her out in her lying-inn, to the woman who had dared to forget the reſpect that is due to a farmer-general! Was not that the moſt glorious moment of the life of M. de Senac?

Molar, born in a village near Lunville in Lorraine, was a long time cook, and a long time chambermaid. She longed to be a miſtreſs, and had her wiſhes gratified, by falling into the hands of the Chevalier Daſniere, who publicly owned her as Baroneſs of Moriſure in his hotel in Boubourg ſtreet.

She

She paſſed for his relation, and M. Cherin was ordered to make out a genealogy (may we call it a pedigree?) for her.

The Preſident Gourgues has furniſhed for Mad. Baligny Fontaine a ſaloon with crimſon damaſk; but its greateſt ornament is the chimney-piece, which is ſet off with golden fire-irons. The teſter of her bed is an entire mirror; but ſhe can ſcarcely get to ſleep, ſo much is ſhe delighted at the reflection of her own charms, which ſhe contemplates in all the different attitudes that ſuch a ſituation will allow. The garlands that ſurround it are inſcribed with theſe words, "Do the beſt you can." It is doubtful whether this advice is more amorous than evangelical. She has a mode of ſwearing entirely peculiar to herſelf, to give teſtimony of her attachment; "*may I become a dog with four paws!* may I fall upon the point of a *ſword!*"

Mad. Lafont is now become familiar with that nation

> Whoſe bloody, trenchant, unrelenting blade ne'er fails
> To ſtrike their monarch's head off, or their horſe's tails.

Lord Forbes is ſo kind as to teach her the Engliſh tongue; the only part of it ſhe is yet perfect in, is the phraſe *kiſs me*; but as ſhe is ſingularly attentive to her father's deſire, of gaining permiſſion to draw on his lordſhip for ſuch ſums as he may have occaſion for, ſhe has engaged the attendance of an interpreter, who plainly inſinuates to her the French *Baron de St. Crèq.*

Mad. le Doux, after having received a deal of money, that never ſtinks, took notice that the Baron

of Cope could not be ſuffered to approach her teeth, as his breath might taint her roſy lips: ſhe has therefore forbid him her preſence. He has appealed to the Lieutenant of Police, who has ordered a conſultation of Dentiſts to examine into the caſe.

Mad. St. Foix has pawned upwards of ſix thouſand livres worth of her goods for the uſe of the Marquis of Duras; ſhe has alſo indorſed four bills of exchange for him; ſhe has even ſuffered a writ to be iſſued againſt her on his account, yet he forſakes her, merely to take Clerimont in her ſtead. How the devil comes it to paſs, that the girls will not enter into a combination againſt a petty Marquis, who is more deſpicable than themſelves? His marks and tokens ſhould be ſet up in every girl's bedchamber.

Our good Lords the Biſhops of Orleans and Graſſe, call down the dew of heaven upon Mad. Chevaſſe, who is a perfect adept in the hiſtory of the church. So learned is ſhe, that ſhe can cite St. Lucian, a martyr, who could perform conſecration in the hands of a deacon, or on a perſon's boſom. Although ſhe is fond enough of pulpit eloquence, ſhe is not ſo ſilly as to think ſhe can live upon the bread of the word. She has gained conſiderably by ſimony; and frequently in the courſe of a day, when gratitude is predominant, ſhe is heard to ſay, "The finger of God is *here*."

The Viſcount Chalot, who is ſo perfectly acquainted with the Duke of Chartres's taſte, is out of town. M. de la Tour du Pin has his employment for the preſent; but unfortunately he is not ſo good a judge of what may ſuit his highneſs.

We

We muſt give into the general opinion, that Louiſa Deſhayes is at a very low ebb, as ſhe has ſold her parrot, that was the object of her fondeſt careſſes; yet who can, with a colour of reaſon, find fault with her, as ſhe had ſo elegant a knack at ſwearing? Not a woman could enter her room, but ſhe immediately cried out, "you are a w——!" The bird had undoubtedly *a right to the title of a conjuror.*

Mad. le Clair, who dances allemands ſo exquiſitely at St. Cloud, is forced to take up with Monſieur de Bouſſonville, who has not the talent of being extravagant. However, ſhe is cunning enough to know, that fools are incapable of love. He it was that ſaid, when the reinſtatement of the honour of M. Lally Tollendall was talked of behind the ſcenes at the Italian Theatre, "Ay, ay! ſo beſt; we ſhall then have the pleaſure of ſeeing him once more.—*The man was dead ſome years before.*

M. Chalabre, Brigadier of the king's armies, who had won the gambler Amelin, at a game at cards, had ſpent thirty-five years in getting two children by her, when death threatened to carry off this mother, whom nature recommended to the care of the law. The curate of St. Euſtatius came to offer her the holy oil; but M. Chalabre thought it beſt that he ſhould adminiſter extreme unction and matrimony both together. The ring produced a magic effect upon the finger of the patient. She was loſt to the lover, but was found by the huſband.

Caillot and Beaupée acted the parts of Annette and Lubin ſo well, that the pit took immediate notice that Love was their prompter.

All the beauties of Paris exhibit their charms at the church of the Petitspires every Sunday, at half an hour after twelve o'clock, *the laſt maſs*. It frequently happens that the prieſt at the altar, inſtead of *Oremus!* cries out, "How pretty ſhe is!" Here it was that the Duke of Berwick whiſpered to Beaulieu, "*Fifty guineas*," and they walked out together.

Teſtar, having loſt the Prince of Conti, has proceeded to make the following promotions: M. Gribauval, Lieutenant-General of the king's armies, to ſucceed the prince; M. Douet de la Boullaye to relieve the latter; M. Thomés, a Counſellor of Parliament, to take his place when he is fatigued; and M. Rondarille to ſupply the deficiencies of all the reſt. She has alſo created the following ſupernumeraries to ſtep in, in caſe of defalcation: the Chevalier de la Tour, and the Muſketeer Duperier; they all acknowledge, that in that *extatic moment* which gives man a foretaſte of the joys of Elyſium, ſhe who joins with unfeigned rapture in the extatic bliſs, cries out unguardedly, "Ah, my ſweet Marigny, where art thou now?—I adore thee." The Prince of Conti himſelf had often heard this exclamation. What an inconſiſtency! But perhaps her liſtening to Marigny, proceeds from his having been at ſea.

Maria Angelica Collar, called Duharlay, of Verſailles, was the daughter of the Princeſs' Frotteur. The Abbé Neuville, who thinks that woman is like grace, eaſily reſiſted, but never rejected, took upon himſelf the care of her education. He got her inſtructed in every thing, except the moſt eſſential thing for her to know, that is, that when a perſon is poor, the firſt thing he ſhould acquire is virtue. To keep her in his houſe without ſcandal, he was forced

forced to get her a huſband, for ſhe was already pregnant. An upholſterer's boy fathered the child in conſideration of a purſe of 3,000 livres, with which he embarked for the Weſt Indies. Notwithſtanding her marriage, ſhe once more became big of a bone dropſy, and the Abbé became tired of a ſoil which he found too fertile. She went to her ſiſter to Paris, who generouſly divided with her the profits that accrued to her from her intimacy with M. Milly; but this attorney at the Chatelet thought that the oldeſt drained him ſufficiently, and therefore he aſſigned the young one to M. Lany, maſter of the Opera Ballets, who having ſounded her capacity, made her his bed-fellow and his ſcholar.

Paupome is at the Marquis of Brancaſs's country-houſe, where ſhe always appears dreſſed in men's cloaths. Many women miſtake her for one, and ſhe laughs at their diſappointment.

The Count of Rochefort arrived this morning at Briſſaut's, impatient and in readineſs.—She had but one girl diſengaged; ſhe paſſed her for the widow of an upholſterer whoſe huſband had left her a maid! He found it very difficult to perſuade her to follow him to the ſtreet de la Bonne Monie. Before his departure he deſired Briſſaut to look him out a woman of quality againſt Midſummer, as he very judiciouſly foreſaw that his paſſion for this one would ſcarcely laſt ſo long.

Montigny, who has ſpent upwards of 20,000 livres to gain the affections of young Dubourloir, has even condeſcended to humour the caprices of the Duke of Montmorency, to induce him to give her

her lover a commiſſion in the gendarme of the guards. When ſhe was informed that her Jaſon had got him a wife, ſhe ſet her wits to work to recover him, by the feeble *expedient* of a verbal promiſe, that he would marry none but her, or forfeit ten thouſand livres, together with a legal and ſacramental union.—What will not love do?

Mad. Page is forced to ſell her charms to every occaſional bidder, to ſupport a family, conſiſting of her grandmother, her mother, two ſiſters, a waiting-maid, footman, and cook. M. Blagny has had full enjoyment of her for an order to his merchant to ſend her four cart-loads of fire-wood. Quere, was the wood delivered? The Baron of Varſeberg, who raiſed her price to twenty-five guineas, grumbled becauſe ſhe was not as laſcivious as he wiſhed. This is a fault that ſhould be eaſily forgiven to her, as ladies of virtue are not always guilty of too much reſerve on ſuch occaſions. Is ſhe not rather praiſe-worthy, who could preſerve ſuch a degree of modeſty, when chaſtity was no more?

Maria Catharina Carlier, of Tracy in Picardy, in her flight to avoid the cudgel of Ducoſay, Valet-de-Chambre to the Duke of Orleans, unfortunately fell foul of the Count of Roncet, who promiſes her the horſe-whip; but with this latter, ſhe has the conſolation of being promiſed a ſettlement, if ſhe behaves well.

When Briſſaut was brought to bed of a ſon, M. de Rupiere ſtood god-father, with one of her own penſionaries, the ſiſter of his miſtreſs St. Lau. M. d'Orfeuil has had a deſign upon the latter of a long ſtanding, and had promiſed Briſſaut money if ſhe would

would procure him an opportunity of being alone with her, with the knowledge of her keeper. She took advantage of the preſent feſtival, and invited the lady to be of the party. Whilſt the gentleman was at church, attending the baptiſmal ceremony, this moſt infamous of mothers betrayed the ſpiritual father of her own child. She was in the very act of hiding a purſe of twenty-five guineas, when the chriſtening-comfits were offered her.

Mad. Menage got into ſuch a paſſion with M. Dupeſſis, becauſe he would not give her a gown, that ſhe flew to Montigny's, and was already in the very act of taking revenge, for the third time in the ſame evening, when the Counſellor in Parliament, who knew where ſhe was, and what ſhe was doing, came with an apology and a gown.

The figure-dancer Siam has already touched a conſiderable quantity of rubles from Prince Beloſenſky; but he is ſo dull and tedious in his operations, that ſhe cries out, "What a pity to be bound to a Ruſſian!" She prayed the Chevalier de Buſſy to give him ſome inſtructions in the art of diſpatching buſineſs: but the Chevalier declined the office, declaring that he muſt continue awkward, as ſhe did not leave him the means of paying his maſter.

Schmitz, who is ſuch an adept at playing on the German flute, ſtill continues to act the pander to foreign princes. He gets them as many wives as they chuſe to have; and for their greater comfort, he inſures the ladies he introduces to them to be ſound wind and limb.

Mad.

Mad. Suavi, whom Chevalier Lambert the banker has caſt off for ever, amuſes herſelf at leiſure hours with Auguſtus, his Valet-de-chambre, of whom may be ſaid that, like the Roman footmen, he enjoys *libertate decembri.*

Le Blanc, finding herſelf oppreſſed with the multiplicity of buſineſs, has for the benefit of eaſe taken up with M. de Morfontaine. He gives her but fifteen guineas, and her friends adviſe her to inſiſt on payment before-hand. It is eaſily imagined that he is always diſguſted, becauſe he is always diſguſting. He is perfectly indifferent as to the colour of the eyes;—he had no hand in the diſcovery made, that black eyes are expreſſive of the ſentiments of the mind, whilſt blue eyes diſcover the feelings of the ſoul. Let him have but a woman, he cares not what ſhe is. Joan is as good to him as my lady in the dark.

The better day the better deed. A certain M. Berger preſented the Duke of Grammont, at his houſe near the Pont au Choux, with the daughter of a ſhoemaker named Faiſan. The Duke thought he had found the narrow road to bliſs, becauſe it was three days before he could ſing alleluja; but he was miſtaken, for a butcher's boy had already taſted of the Circean bowl.

Briſſaut met the Count of Thiares and the Count of Biſſy at the foot of the ſtairs in the Opera-houſe; the one in company with the Counteſs of Valentinois, and the other leading Madame de la Valliere and Madame de Flavacourt. She reproached them with having given her no token of exiſtence for a long time paſt; they both whiſpered her,

her, "We are engaged to ladies of faſhion, who give us more than enough to do."

M. de Saint Colombe, a muſketeer, was at the houſe of Mad. Raye, when a mantua-maker brought in a blue ſattin undreſs for ſale. He begged, as a particular favour, that ſhe would give him leave to purchaſe it for her. Such a preſent merited an acknowledgment; and he had ſoon reaſon to be convinced that her heart was in his lips.

Beauvoiſin, who keeps the entrance ſhut againſt the Duke of Grammont, until he gives her a pair of diamond drops for her ear-rings, has been ſervant-maid in the family of M. Cadet, ſurgeon, in the Street Montmartu.

"The exceſs of your love will obtain forgiveneſs for a multitude of your ſins," was the conſolation given by a confeſſor to Valentine the Dancer, who has led ſo many ſinners into the broad way to perdition. He adviſed her at the ſame time to give all ſhe had to the church, and go to Rome to obtain indulgences. She ſent for M. Leguay, head clerk in the Marine Office, with an intention of making reſtitution of all that ſhe had received from him; but he was ſo highly pleaſed to find that God was his only rival, that he not only refuſed to take any thing back, but added to his former gifts four drafts on the farms, of 4000 livres each, and a deed by which he ſecured to her 500 livres a year. Her director gave her leave to take all, as being a preſent ſent from *above*.

M. Bernard, Count of Coubert, is ſo cautious as to lay his ſword naked on his miſtreſs's bed; a meaſure which he thought it prudent to adopt ever

ſince he found a procurer in her houſe, with whom he might have fought, if a procurer could be prevailed on to fight—her name is the widow Virinque.

Mad. de Jouteville was delivered in the arms of M. de Potocki; though his acquaintance with her was but a month's ſtanding. It is known that ſhe had her coach and jewels from him.

The Count Matouiſki was faſt aſleep on the boſom of Duthe when the Duke of Durfort interrupted their ſlumbers. The Pole immediately took to his heels, and was cloſely followed by the Frenchman into the ſtreet. The patrole met the former in his ſhirt, and threw a coat over him

Mad. Chriſtan was the perſon who conducted her own daughter to Chantilly to the prince of Conde. The girl, though elegantly dreſſed, was acknowledged to be pretty well; and his highneſs ſoon taught her to make rebuſes. She diſcovered that his name contained the chief inſtruments of both *love* and *hazard*.

M. de Genlis was ſo impudent as to introduce his Duthe to his wife, who was ſo very polite as to own ſhe was pretty.

The ambaſſador of Venice gave little Fleuri, a comedian of the Montenſier company, a ring worth fifty guineas, and a purſe of twenty-five for ſhowing him,

> What once a Grecian hero found
> In his Hepheſtion worth his while;
> What Adrian plac'd, with garlands crown'd,
> Within the Pantheon's ſpacious ile.

Since

Since Colette, the Italian opera-ſinger, has had to the amount of ſix thouſand livres of jewels in her ears, at the coſt of the Count of Rochefort, ſhe affects to ſpeak ſo low and ſo ſlow that ſhe could not be heard, did not ſome favourable echoes repeat her words when ſhe calls out to her ſervants to bring her coach forward. She has learned, by the help of her looking-glaſs, to liſp in copying the pronunciation of the fat actor Morin in theſe two lines :

Ze fais avant le zeu le ſigne de la croix,
Et ſi ze n'ai jamais pu gagner une fois.

The Marquis of Perſenat kept Saint Prix ſecured with a padlock, and nobody was allowed to come near her but his black, who was as ugly as the devil ; but ſhe was not afraid of the devil.

The Baroneſs of Waſberg boaſts of having forced the Count of la Marche to cry out in a paſſion, " Really if theſe ſtupid wretches of huſbands knew all the trouble that we men of gallantry take in pleaſing their wives without their knowledge, far from being angry, they would find themſelves under great obligations to us !" Her huſband ſhould then be much obliged to young Laumur, General Lally's aid-de-camp.

Mad. Tiſſon, the daughter of the Cardinal of Geſvres, had for her huſband a Lieutenant of Light-horſe, whom ſhe had ſo perfectly inſtructed in the principles of faſhion. Good huſbands never ſee any thing, and ſhould they ſee every thing they muſt pretend to ſee nothing—that he found no fault with the deeds which the Notary Bronod, of the ſtreet St. Avoye, executed in his preſence.

The Marquis of Genlis is making a bargain with Danozangis: he offers her forty guineas per month, but ſhe inſiſts upon fifty. In the mean while, M. Roulier de Orfeuil has given her a draft on the farms for one thouſand livres, which ſhe has already diſcounted, at a loſs of two hundred livres.

The Prince Lewis, Coadjutor of Straſbourg, who has been much indiſpoſed, is on the mending hand; he is engaged to Mad. de Bicoune.

M. de Naé, Biſhop of Leſcar, is very fond of Mad. Damy, the wife of a Counſellor in the Parliament of Pau; but to enjoy the benefice he muſt be a conſtant reſidentiary.

The Abbé Alliot, whom his father thinks engaged in the ſeminary, whilſt he himſelf is on duty with the King of Poland, is putting his vocation to the proof, in the arms of Mezieres, at the Blue Dial, near the ſtreet des Jeuneurs. To ſee him with his hunch-back he might be ſuſpected of ſome wit; but he is not fit even for a prieſt.

Mad. de Solticoff, the Ruſſian Miniſter's wife, appoints frequent meetings, in her coach, with a Gendarme, who looks like a Saxon. The coachman, who has not got eyes behind, is ſurpriſed that his horſes ſtop every evening in the ſtreet St. Martin, at the corner of the ſtreet de Montmorency.

The Prince of Rohan has written to Mad. Fleury, informing her that he has ſold two of his eſtates for one million four hundred thouſand livres, and a quantity of wood that will bring him in five hundred thouſand livres. She is in great hopes that there

there will be ſufficient to pay off his debts; but as her occaſions are urgent, ſhe takes money in the mean while from a certain M. Huet, who is in general better inclined to ſell his money than give it away: however, the goods ſhe gives him are richly worth the ſums ſhe receives from him, as he is deviliſh ugly.

When the Duke of Chartres was aſked, at an entertainment, why he had forſaken Duthé? "The reaſon is obvious," replied he, "green tea is wholeſome and pleaſant; but when it degenerates into gunpowder, it is inſufferable." This repartee, which libertines alone ſhould comprehend, was underſtood even by the women.

The Marquis of Letoriere, an officer in the French Guards, is always in faſhion; the women take him as an ornament, as they would a noſegay, and wear him as they would a ribband: however, they begin to compare him to thoſe beautiful manege horſes whoſe paſterns are worn by dint of capering between the pillars.

The butcher Colin keeps Mad. Pelin in meat; but ſhe inſiſts upon being always ſerved with the *rump*.

Mad. Cornu has newly changed her ſkin. Firſt ſhe found it convenient to take that of a mulatto; and now ſhe has got into the humour of wearing a piebald one, interſperſed here and there with lilies and roſes: her waſherwoman pretends to know it by her linen.

The

The Marquis of Genlis, who knows that Baligny is never in ſo bad company as when alone, took care to be perpetually at her elbow; until ſome mornings ago ſhe found it neceſſary to take a doſe of phyſic: he thought he could ſafely depend upon her; but no ſooner was his back turned than ſhe duped herſelf, and flew to her favourite, a clerk in the capitation-office, who could not perceive that ſhe had taken either ſenna or rhubarb. She returning in her hand-chair, ſhe throws herſelf haſtily into bed again, where the Marquis of Bonnefoi came to viſit her time enough, to wipe away the effects of her purge. To what a degree will not complaiſance proceed in ſome men!

The Duke of La Valliere, who is tired of taking girls for a ſtated time, has propoſed a compoſition to Briſſaut; ſhe is to find him in girls, and ſend them poſt-paid to Montrouge, for the valuable conſideration of ſix thouſand livres a year, the firſt payment to be made before hand.

M. de Guerigny is now breaking a little filly of Burgundy, between thirteen and fourteen years old, at his private lodge in the ſtreet du Careme-Prenant: if ſhe were ſixteen he would have nothing more to do with her.

The Marchioneſs of Piercourt conceals her ignoble connection with the ſon of the ſhop-keeper Dupré, of the ſtreet des Bourdonnais, under Briſſaut's name. She has induced him to pawn a ſilver coffee-pot, on which Mad. Maillard has lent ſeven guineas, at the moderate intereſt of three ſhillings a month for each guinea.

M. Robin-

M. Robinſon was willing to pay fifty guineas a month for the beautiful face of the over-corpulent Wolff, and twenty thouſand livres worth of jewels; but he required a ſpecial clauſe, that ſhe ſhould undergo the inſpection of his ſurgeon, a man well ſkilled in that branch of his profeſſion.—She however ſoon gave the Engliſh gentleman to underſtand that in France it is not cuſtomary to return the money when the *curtain is drawn up*.

M. Saimſon was raving mad when he diſcovered Mad. Lafond almoſt at the door of Baron de Sterig's houſe—ſhe aſked him what could put him into ſo unreaſonable a paſſion, with that tone of irony that indicates inward ſatisfaction :—" How often have you told me, that if it had not been for your keeping miſtreſſes, you could have ſix horſes in your ſtable?—I ſhould be exceedingly unhappy were I to ſhorten their allowance by a ſingle peck. Reſign yourſelf to your fate, as M la Ferté did when I left him for you." Saimſon will never forgive her for not impoſing upon him.

The Marquis of Paolucci, miniſter of Modena, on the point of ſetting off for London, was in treaty with the Spaniſh Ambaſſador for Mad. Depur, and wanted her to accompany him; but ſhe had read in ſome author, whoſe name is unknown, that it is better to go to bed ſupperleſs than to riſe in debt; and moreover ſhe could not reconcile her conſcience to the indelicacy of cheating her creditors of upwards of twenty thouſand livres. " Let that be no hindrance," ſaid his excellency; and immediately the twenty thouſand livres are paid. The journey is begun, but before they had gone far a quarrel is broached, carried on with mutual ſpirit, and terminates

nates in a ſeparation: it is lucky for the Marquis of Paolucci that he loſt his twenty thouſand livres.

The Baroneſs of Waſberg has yielded at laſt. To-morrow morning ſhe is to be at Mad. Pauquet's, milliner, in the ſtreet St. Denis, near St. Magloir, at ten o'clock, to buy ſome articles which ſhe ſtands very much in need of. She will be ſhown every thing but what ſhe aſks for, and will be on the point of quitting the houſe, when the milliner will aſk her if ſhe will condeſcend to go up to the ware-room, with a "Perhaps, Madame, you will there find what you want." She goes up, and behold ſhe finds the Count of La March, ready to take her meaſure for what always beſt pleaſes the Ladies. It is ſaid, that, in her life, ſhe has never made ſo good a bargain.

The Count of Bintheim had fallen aſleep in the very bed of Mad. le Clair; ſhe, whom the loſs of reſt itſelf could not weary, became impatient to ſhow herſelf at the Opera ball. She aroſe gently, and left him all alone: he awakes, and gropes about for her in vain; in vain does his voice tire echo with repetitions of her name. The wanton God of Love exclaims, "Have you given her into my care? enquire of Plutus, he may tell you what is become of her." Revenge now takes poſſeſſion of him, and before he leaves the room he executes his filthy vengeance; he dreſſes himſelf in a domino, and flies to the ball in queſt of his bed-fellow, whom he finds on the point of concluding an agreement with M. Monville: he accoſts and whiſpers, "We muſt ſuppoſe that hitherto you have looked upon the Count of Bintheim as a warming-pan: you are much deceived, for he piſſes a bed." Inſtantly he makes his eſcape;

eſcape: Theſe few words throw her into confuſion, ſhe grows uneaſy, vapouriſh—ſhe muſt return home; and ſcarcely has her delicate foot preſſed the ſoporific down, when, oh, indignity! ſhe feels by the cold moiſture that the profane wretch had ſacrilegiouſly polluted the altar of the graces.

An Engliſhman of the name of St. John having ſupped at the houſe of the Baron of Waugen, at the gate of St. Denis, had the happiueſs of accompanying Mad. Ornay to her own home, and on foot too, that they might the longer enjoy each other's converſation. Each ſpeaks their own little wants; St. John wanted a pretty woman, but the pretty woman wanted a hundred guineas: "Well, take my purſe as it ſtands;" it was weighty: the bargain is ſtruck, and after he had indulged a full ſwing for that night, for the next, for a whole week, the cunning rogue of an Engliſhman laughed very heartily that he had taken in the Lady—he knew there were but forty-two guineas in the purſe!

M. de Roquelaure, Biſhop of Senlis, ſeems very much attached to the Counteſs of Romain. He knows very well that her's is not a vacant benefice, but he takes care of it, becauſe there is not an immediate incumbent.

Dumirey is charming, but the Count of Grandville could ſay, that ſhe is only ſo to ſtrangers, for he has *ſounded* her. He has lately forſaken her, becauſe he found her in company with Mad. Raye, who was making an experiment how far ſhe could go in acting the part of a man.

The King ſeems determined to do Mad. Pater the honour of falling in love with her for a while.

The Prince of Soubiſe is to diſpoſe her for his Majeſty's reception.

As for the Prince of Soubiſe he is at his wit's end to find means to cheat the Count of Maillebois of Madam St. Julian, the wife of the receiver general of the clergy, who dines in her night cloaths with a number of biſhops, whom ſhe had invited, and even takes the liberty in their preſence of expreſſing

> That word by Frenchmen evermore revered,
> By virgins in their teens both loved and feared,
> Emphatic word, in pleaſure's ſacred fane,
> Which tongues unlettered in their rage profane.

Varenne, notwithſtanding her having received at leaſt one hundred and fifty thouſand livres within the laſt five years, is now confined in the priſons of Saint Eloi, for the trifling ſum of ſeven guineas.—What a leſſon for thoſe women who move in the ſphere ſhe was in!—— A certain mule had rendered ſuch eſſential ſervices to the Athenians, that her future labour was diſpenſed with, and ſhe had liberty of feeding wherever ſhe pleaſed; but ſhe diſdaining to be thought uſeleſs, would place herſelf before the waggons, and would encourage them, as far as ſhe could, to continue their exertions.—It was decreed that ſhe ſhould in future be fed at the expence of the public.—Does not hiſtory, under this allegory, give us a ſtrong repreſentation of Varenne?

M. de Champcenetz takes Madam Neubourg for his wife; and M. de Neubourg forms the like connexion with Madame Champcenetz. The only condition they require of each other, is—that their adulterous

adulterous connexions ſhall be conducted as the robberies uſed to be in Sparta, with diſcretion, until they can procure the law of the Mingrelians to be adopted in Paris: when the maſter of a family in that country finds his wife in private with his neighbour, he can compel him to pay no more than a pig, which they all three comfortably partake of together.

The Prince of Condé is forced to take up with the Counteſs of Roncey, whom her huſband accuſed of having poiſoned him. To acquit herſelf of this accuſation, ſhe deſired that he would ſuffer himſelf to be opened; but he made his eſcape, being more afraid of the Prince than he was of his wife.

The farmer general Ferrand, who would not believe that it is more expenſive to indulge one vice than to educate two children, has been under the neceſſity at laſt of quitting Roſſignol; but as her brother is to ſtand a trial for his life, ſhe has requeſted the preſident Briſſaut to procure her a night with the attorney general Seguier. How often does it happen that the woman's night-cap is the leader of the judge's wig!

M. Favier, who received a box of the ear from the banker Toquini at the fair of St. Laurent, is comforted for her diſgrace by the piaſtres of his Excellency the Spaniſh ambaſſador.—But his *grandeeſhip* has not yet diſcovered, that in ſpite of all her precautions to the contrary ſhe has the defect of following the precept of the ſchool of Salernum, eſpecially when ſhe is aſleep:

Mingere cum bumbis, res eſt ſaniſſima lumbis.

The Prince of Beloſenſcky, who miſtook the houris of the opera for ſavages,

Who guard their virtue with both teeth and nails,

doubtleſs becauſe they enjoy the privilege that was peculiar to Numa's veſtal virgins, that of being no longer ſubject to parental controul, offered Lacour a necklace of fifteen thouſand livres value, a velvet ſuit trimmed with rich lace, a hundred piſtoles per month, and three hundred guineas pin-money, and was yet afraid of being rejected: but the kind hearted creature accepted all, except the laſt article—ſhe refuſed to play at puſh-pin with him.

The Baron of Verſeberg, though ſeveral of the girls ſay of him what Philip the fourth ſaid of Turenne, "Here is a man who has made me paſs ſome very diſagreeable nights," has entered into terms of agreement with Mad. Le Clair, the dancer; ſhe has conditioned for the reception of Saimſon and Sody on her hungry days. Such ſubſtitutes are by her called, *things of no conſequence.*

The old Marechal of Belleiſle called in to his aſſiſtance the miraculous hand of Pouponne. The Chevalier de Mouchy conducted her to that miniſter; but the cannot help exclaiming with a ſigh, "My Lord! what a trifle is man!"

Ladeville, the Savoyard, who at the beginning could pick up only a few farthings thrown from the windows, and who in the coffee-houſes, has frequently ſhown her *firſt* ſtory in hopes of letting the ſecond, is almoſt ſorry for having accepted of a coach from the

the Prince Camillus. There is nothing ſhe is ſo much afraid of, however, as the capitation tax.

Madame Deſchamps has within ſix weeks coſt the Count of Clermont's ſquire upwards of twenty thouſand livres, but the expence was ſhared by M. Bazin, who, while he acted as aid-de-camp to M. Lally, had amaſſed upwards of two hundred and ſixty thouſand livres. She was yet deſirous of ſome jewels. M. de Rupieres, whom ſhe was very fond of, becauſe he gave her nothing, lent her his ring. Bazin ſaw it, and became mad with jealouſy. She pretends to be much affected, and cries out, with affected tears,

> Painful has been this haſty fault to me,
> That could a moment's pain procure to thee.

She inſtantly ſends back the ring to M. Rupieres, and this ſacrifice was worth to her a pair of bracelets of four times its value.

All the Bazins in the world ought to learn this Turkiſh adage—"If thou deceiveſt me once, it is thy fault; but if thou deceiveſt me twice it is certainly mine."

Madam Huſſe, whom every man admired ſo much as to wiſh to become her huſband, but whom no man ever would marry, was detected laſt night in bed with the director of the waters of Paſſy, by M. Bertin; and although he was in his ſhirt, he held his ſword drawn in his hand. The peaceable treaſurer of the incidental revenue retired to his cloſet, and read ſome chapters of a book entitled The Art of making Women Faithful; but he ſaw that in

in all ages thoſe women who are beſt ſkilled in the ſcience of making ſnares are the greateſt bunglers at making cages.

Thierry, whoſe father was a tin-man in the ſtreet du Roy de Sicile, often heard him ſay, before ſhe had yet approached the communion-table for the firſt time, " Child, where is your neck-handkerchief? you know very well that I cannot bear to ſee young girls go with their boſoms bare." " Well, but my dear papa, what ornament then am I to wear?" This ſimplicity was an indication of her future propenſity. In a little while after ſhe was known to ſell her ſhifts to purchaſe a necklace, and again to ſell the necklace to purchaſe ſhifts; until at length, being reduced to accept of an aſylum with that abbeſs who would have all her ladies go in mourning whenever the court did ſo, ſhe had her choice of M. Paulmi d'Argenſon, M. de Leſſeville, preſident of the fifth of the requeſts, and the Prince of Conti. She, to prevent any complaint againſt herſelf, judiciouſly took them all three.

The Marchioneſs of Pierrecourt is deſperately in love with a clerk. She is more than forty years old, but ſhe is of opinion a Marchioneſs can never be thirty in the eyes of a ſimple citizen. They promiſe themſelves the attachment of the dove, the voluptuouſneſs of the ſparrow, and the conſtancy of the turtle. Is all this poſſible?—You are the beſt judge.

The Abbe Brilhac appoints meetings with d'Albigni in the churches, bu t principally in that of St. Joſeph: his motive is undoubtedly to avoid ſeeing at her houſe the Abbe Mangin or the Abbe Rémond.

Could

Could they be prevailed upon to give her up to the ſecular arm!

The Counteſs of Marville, whoſe huſband is no more than a footman, to give herſelf quality airs, aſked a counſeller of Parliament this morning, "Pray, Sir, have I ever given you any reaſon to hope for my favours?"—At this time he had ſlept with her but once.

Here follow two memorials which the miniſter had referred to the Lieutenant of Police, and to which neither the one nor the other gave an anſwer, becauſe they were equally unconcerned for the unfortunate as for the innocent:

MY LORD,

When the juſtice conſpicuous in his Majeſty ſelected you to preſide over the capital, every inhabitant flattered himſelf that he was ſure of a protector, a father.

Deign, my lord, to exert the duties of thoſe two eminent qualities in favour of an infant, who may be too juſtly called the offspring of vice, as he is the iſſue of the Count Dubarry. His mother exiſts no longer: the conſequences of a ſcene of horror which might be looked upon as incredible, were it not certified by her dying declaration, plunged her into an early grave on the fifteenth of July laſt.

In painting the truth to you I muſt lay open to the eyes of virtue the moſt ſhocking caricatura of vice and debauchery.—But your impartiality renders it unavoidable.

Mad.

Mad. Bouſcarelle was unfortunately poſſeſſed of ſome beauty in her youth.—This gift of nature ſerved only to attract the attention of a great number of ſeducers; but not one of them was ſo dangerous as the Count Dubarry: this abominable man overcame her ſcruples in the year 1773. The Count's conſtant apprehenſion leſt his own conſcious crimes and domeſtic diſorders ſhould be diſcovered, rendered him ſo cautious as not to allow Mad. Bouſcarelle to receive the viſits of her ſiſter unleſs he was preſent. She lived with him openly as his miſtreſs, and not only did the honours of his table but had the care of his houſehold. The well merited misfortunes that have fallen upon the family of Dubarry by the death of Louis the fifteenth, were not ſufficient to induce her to leave the Count, until he found it neceſſary to quit the kingdom.—It was not love that occaſioned this ſtrong attachment in Mad. Bouſcarelle to the fortunes of the Count Dubarry.—She could no longer feel for him any other ſenſations than thoſe of hatred and contempt; but the impulſes of nature, the tender ſolicitude ſhe felt for her babe, enabled her to diſguiſe her ſentiments. She left not the father of her child with any other deſign than that of retiring to her own houſe to yield up her breath in peace, and free from apprehenſion.

This, my Lord, is the declaration which this unfortunate woman wrote with her own trembling hand, on the 30th of April laſt, which was the eve of that day on which ſhe received, for the firſt time, the rites of the church.

Deign, my Lord, to caſt your eyes on this frightful monument of truth, which proves to what extremities the paſſions can hurry a depraved man, who gives them an unreſtrained indulgence.

Copy

Copy of the Laſt Will and Teſtament of Mademoiſelle Bouſcarelle.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and Holy Ghoſt. Amen. *This is my Laſt Will and Teſtament.*

As I am on the point of appearing before my God, whoſe infinite power and goodneſs I am ſenſible of, I aſk his pardon from the bottom of my heart, for all the ſins I have committed, in the whole courſe of my life. I cannot give a more ſatisfactory proof of my ſincere repentance for having offended him by the ſcandalous conduct of the latter years of my life, than the following declaration, which I proteſt is both ſincere and true: it is a duty I owe to the peace of a ſiſter, for whom I have a tender affection, and to whoſe care I earneſtly recommend my children, whom I beg ſhe will take compaſſion of, and be as mother to.

On my eldeſt daughter I impoſe it as a duty to pay an unlimited ſubmiſſion to the commands of my ſiſter, whom I know incapable of leading her into evil; and if ſhe ſhould prove diſobedient, I deſire that my ſiſter will call in to her aſſiſtance the authority of her father, whom ſhe knows, and whom I eſteem. As to the other child, whom I brought into the world at the end of the year 1773, I am under the neceſſity of acknowledging his exiſtence; my ſorrow for which I declare, in preſence of the Almighty, is the principal cauſe of my death.

I acknowledge then, that this child is the real

iſſue of Count Dubarry, with whom, I confeſs, that I have had ſuch intimate connection as produced this infant. I declare, that when he perceived I was with child, he promiſed me, with tremendous oaths and imprecations, that he would take care of it; which promiſe he fulfilled until he left the kingdom, which was in the month of May 1774. Here I think it my duty to ſtate a fact, the very remembrance of which ſtrikes me with horror; it is of too much conſequence to the well-being of my child to be paſſed over in ſilence.

One day as I ſat alone with the Count Dubarry, who was at that time afflicted with ſore eyes, he called one of his valet-de-chambres, named Cupo, up into his bed-room, in the Street des Petits Champs, where he then was; and, when he entered he double-locked the door, and putting the key in his pocket, commanded him immediately, and in the Count Dubarry's preſence, to have a carnal connection with me. At firſt I looked upon the matter as a ſtroke of humour, meant only to alarm me; but the rage into which he fell, ſoon convinced me of my error, and the vile wretch puſhed his infamy to ſuch a pitch, as to threaten to put us both to inſtant death with a knife, which he held in his hand, if we refuſed compliance. In ſo deſperate a ſituation I reluctantly ſubmitted, and at the bare recollection of ſo horrid a ſcene all my blood has often ſince curdled, eſpecially when I was made the innocent inſtrument and victim of the villainies of this pair of monſters. The Count Dubarry has often ſince endeavoured to appeaſe me, by promiſes which he never performed. It was by his orders that the child has been baptized at the Church of St. Euſtathius; by the certificate

it

it will appear, that it was baptized as legitimate, according to his command. I make very little doubt, but that, after his repeated inſtances of ill-conduct towards me, he will be daring enough to deny theſe facts, which however are abſolutely true, and for which I moſt humbly and moſt earneſtly beg pardon of God and the world, from the bottom of my heart. I have concealed thoſe circumſtances from every body, even from my ſiſter, but mean in my laſt moments to communicate them to her, with a recommendation to make uſe of this declaration, if poſſibly it ſhould happen that the Count Dubarry, whoſe ſon alone is entruſted with the fatal ſecret, ſhould prove ſo unnatural as to refuſe a maintenance to the child. I flatter myſelf that my ſiſter will forgive the trouble my death muſt unavoidably put her to. To her I recommend my unfortunate children.

Given and ſigned in my bed, at Paris, this 30th day of April, 1775.

BOUSCARELLE.

After reading this, your Lordſhip will not heſitate to grant to your ſupplicant, the ſiſter of Mad. Bouſcarelle, the prayer of the petition, ſhe preſents to you, in behalf of humanity and innocence, the wretched infant to whom ſhe acts the part of a mother, that is, not to ſuffer the Count Dubarry to quit the kingdom, (as evidently is his preſent intention) until he has depoſited, in the hands of ſome notary-public, whom your Lordſhip may pleaſe to appoint, the ſum of 30,000 livres, to anſwer the following purpoſes.

1. To ſecure a maintenance to the child who owes its exiſtence to him.

2. To pay the vaſt and neceſſary coſts to which I have been compelled, to procure juſtice of him, according to the courſe of law.

3. To anſwer 20,000 livres, which is the leaſt that can be awarded to the child.

4. To obtain the obliteration of the baptiſmal regiſtry in the pariſh of St. Euſtatius, of the falſe name of Michael Lewis de Leinaille, which by his own authority he had given to the child; whilſt it is evident that at the period of its birth M. de Leinaille had been already two years in Spain, and could not conſequently have any connection with Mad. Bouſcarelle, who never left the capital, where ſhe conſtantly remained in the Count Dubarry's houſe.

Your ſuppliant has uſed every method in her power, to induce the Count Dubarry voluntarily to ſecure a maintenance to the child, whom he has often owned privately to be his. For the laſt five months he has endeavoured to deceive your ſuppliant, by falſe promiſes, which he has conveyed to her, either by his accomplice Creps, or by his attorney, or by other perſons. But his deſign is only to procure a ſuſpenſion of the proceedings, until he can find a convenient opportunity of quitting the kingdom, loaded with wealth, and the hearty curſes of the unhappy wretches he has defrauded.

Your ſuppliant's motive for caſting herſelf at your Lordſhip's feet, is to prevent this misfortune; for

for which purpoſe ſhe puts, under your Lordſhip's protection, the child of the Count Dubarry, which ſhe is not enabled to ſupport, and which ſtands in the utmoſt need of your Lordſhip's humanity and juſtice, to guard it againſt the cunning and perfidy of an unnatural father.

On the margin of the memorial were written theſe words "No anſwer."

Here follows another memorial, to which the Miniſter paid as little attention as to the foregoing one.

MY LORD,

Give me leave to lay before your Lordſhip the moſt diſtreſſing of all griefs, and the moſt pure and impartial of all juſtifications.

At Frankfort I had the honour of becoming acquainted with the Duke of *****, (the reſpect I ſtill have for him prevents me from naming him) he cannot poſſibly deny that I had the utmoſt reluctance to forming a connection with him. I lived with my brother, who was manager and undertaker of the theatrical repreſentations; and my ſalary was ſufficient to anſwer all my expences. I had never been connected with any man, but unfortunately for me, and to the knowledge of all Frankfort, my Lord Duke violently made me his own property. In a very ſhort time after his boiſterous incroachment on my perſon, he behaved with ſo much gallantry and generoſity, that I not only forgot his rudeneſs, but felt my heart ſenſible of his goodneſs, and I went off to Cologne. Here I firſt perceived that my health was become the ſacrifice

of

of my partiality for him. He acknowledged that it was his fault, and was exceedingly ſorry for it.

Meſſ. Balbert and Duprat could certify the truth of this matter, if neceſſary.

I came to Paris, where my Lord Duke put me into the hands of a ſurgeon, whoſe efforts to reſtore my health proved ineffectual; time ſlipped away: At firſt I had been ſettled in a furniſhed apartment, afterwards the Duke hired a houſe for me, ready-furniſhed, in the ſtreet de Pologne, and in ſome time, having changed his mind, he placed me at the Porcherons.

A perſon of the name of La Butte, an upholſterer, in the ſuburb of St. Antoine, ſupplied me with furniture. I have in my poſſeſſion that merchant's receipt for the value of the furniture, and have been in the enjoyment of them from the month of January 1760 to the 4th of laſt March 1761. My Lord Duke had inſiſted on my keeping four ſervants; and in fifteen months my expence amounted to no more than fifteen or ſixteen hundred louis-d'ors, out of which I paid the ſervants their wages.

My Lord Duke never gave me more than a guinea or two at a time; and even when he went to join the army in 1760, he left me no more than three hundred livres, the half of which I owed and paid. By his orders M. Theibault, a recruiting officer, lent me, in ſmall ſums, about five hundred livres, in his abſence, during which time, by the approbation of my Lord Duke, I put myſelf in the hands of another ſurgeon, whom he himſelf paid

laſt

week. I have ſeveral letters in my poſſeſſion, written during that period, that will prove what I ſay; yet by one of thoſe cruel ſingularities that could ſcarcely be expected, in a nobleman of his rank, my Lord Duke not only ceaſed to have for me that paſſion which had hitherto ſkreened me from the ſtings of reflection, but was ſo unjuſt, I may add ungenerous, as to attribute to me the preſent want of health that affects him; and employed a bailiff, who, on the 4th of this month, came with a Commiſſary and a number of ſoldiers, to ſeize upon all my goods as his property. So great was my confuſion at ſo unexpected a reverſe, that I was willing to reſign them, but was prevented by a relation of mine, who was acquainted with my real ſituation, and reaſoned with the Bailiff, in ſo convincing a manner, that he ſuſpended his proceedings; and now my furniture is in the care of a third perſon, to be delivered to the rightful owner. I cannot doubt of gaining my cauſe, as I can plead long enjoyment of the property, and the receipt of the upholſterer who furniſhed my houſe. I ſhould be ſorry to find myſelf under the neceſſity of proſtituting my Lord Duke's name in the Courts of Juſtice in a cauſe that muſt reflect ſo much diſgrace upon him, and have therefore ventured to ſtate the caſe exactly to your Lordſhip, that you may be acquainted with the whole extent of my misfortunes and injuries.

I feel a great deal of reluctance in repreſenting another part of my Lord Duke's conduct, but as it muſt tend to elucidate what I have already ſaid, I will relate it. When firſt our connection took place at Frankfort, though yet a minor, he was pleaſed to give me, unaſked, on my part, a note for twelve thouſand livres, in which was contained a promiſe

to

to ſettle a certain annuity on me when he came of age. About a fortnight ſince he pleaded ſome plauſible excuſe, and got it out of my hands, and now I have no note, and conſequently no proſpect of ſettlement; yet he muſt acknowledge that on all occaſions he found me perfectly diſintereſted, which my conduct, and the preſent ſtate of my wardrobe, can teſtify; for my Lord Duke never gave me more than two gowns, nor would I ever receive any jewels from him. I could even venture to ſay that ſince my connection with this nobleman I have not occaſioned him above ten thouſand livres expence, which is very far ſhort of the very large ſums which he now moſt unjuſtly charges me with.

I left the houſe at the Porcherons, taking nothing with me but my cloaths, and were I to pay what I am indebted in that neighbourhood, I ſhould not be worth 200 livres.

You, my Lord, are juſt—be ſo good as to enquire into my conduct even from my infancy; the reſult of ſuch an inveſtigation muſt incline you to think well of me, and to condemn the meaſure by which I am deprived of my furniture. You will not allow ſuch a ſuit to diſgrace the annals of your Miniſtry, and become the table-talk of the kingdom.

I beg leave to repeat to your Lordſhip, that at Frankfort I lived with my family in a ſtate of unblemiſhed modeſty, the eaſy conſequence of the ſound principles of morality which I had imbibed, and which I moſt probably ſhould not have violated, had not my Lord Duke perſecuted me with ſolicitations to yield to his deſires. Whatever may be his miſconduct towards me in other reſpects, I will

will not believe him capable of wronging me by a denial of this truth. Could I expect that the injuſtice he now does me ſhould be the only reward of a ſincerity and attachment ſo undiſguiſed and diſintereſted?

The Lieutenant of Police paid but little attention to ſuch lamentations as theſe, and reverted to thoſe ſcandalous anecdotes that contributed to his amuſement.

The Marechal of Biron, who would with pleaſure have erected a ſtatue to Modeſty in his garden, could he diſcover in it a ſpot where a woman had not ſacrificed to unpudicity, has entered into an agreement with the love-broker De Neſville, to ſend two of her beſt-trained nymphs to do duty according to his directions. He is by no means one of her beſt cuſtomers; but he tells her

> To take the ball before its ſecond bound,
> As now good luck is rarely to be found.

What vexes her moſt is, that M. Goddeau ſuſpects his Lordſhip of ſo much generoſity as to pay for two, and inſiſts to be treated at free coſt—why does he not rather own the truth, that his Marechalſhip is not equal to one?

Mad. Boutillier de la Vaunne, whoſe father was treaſurer of the Duke of Orleans's private expences, has diſmiſſed one of the keepers of the Fowl-office, who was guilty of a great error, that of dedicating the whole night to ſleep, to try the vigilance of M. de la Tour du Pier. He is ſo much taken up with

her other charms, that he has not yet perceived her want of the uſe of one hand.

Genereſa Dormond, of Troye, was ſent by her father to learn millinery from Madame Blondeau, of the Street de Grenelle. Her beauty brought many cuſtomers to the ſhop; for ſeveral gentlemen would buy a cap for the ſake of ſeeing her. Wit and wealth became competitors for her favour. The one made verſes on a flea, that treſpaſſed on the lillis and roſes of her boſom; the other poured a ſhower of gold into her lap. She was pleaſed with the verſes of Dorat, but ſhe gave the preference to the guineas of M. Waorſs, who convinced her that politeneſs is not confined to Frenchmen alone.

It is not in the power of every woman to be virtuous, however well inclined ſhe may be, ſays the wife of a grocer of the Street du Pont au Chouſe, who was tranſported from her ſhop to the opera. Her huſband will not take her from thence, provided ſhe ſupplies him with tickets for admittance.

The Viſcount de Sabran, who by his birth became with the rule adopted by the nobility,—*borrow and never pay*—is for ever accompanied by a Marechal of France's guard, even when he lies with Teſtar. She would very willingly pledge herſelf for him, body for body, but ſhe is not worth as much as he owes.

Monſ. De Bruſs, a knight of Malta, has commenced his campaign with little Deperville. She will teach him how to make war againſt the infidels!

The

The Marquis of Perſennat, who had not money enough to begin a freſh month with Villefort, found no other expedient to ſecure her to himſelf than that of reſigning her to his friend the Count of Rochefort; who boaſted to her that he could yet perform the journey to the iſland of love twice—" Yes," ſaid ſhe, " once in Summer, and but once in Winter."

The Chevalier Dogane, whoſe credit is very much impaired to anſwer the calls of Souville, has pitched upon that time of year when the ladies are ſatisfied with ſilk and gauze.

Monſ. de Foreville, who is not related to the Hangman's miſtreſs, although ſhe takes pride in having it believed that he is, becauſe he is a commiſſary of the war department, is ſpending a little farſter than is convenient with the younger of the Moranvilles. She is of a very ſprightly temper, and will have her lovers always good-humoured: In her opinion the doves of Venus are alarmed only by the owl of Minerva. Every body knows the expence he went to for the ungrateful Dornay; but is he always deeply in love with thoſe girls who pretend that they bear about them *convincing proofs* of his manhood.

The Duke of Warwick has ſent a propoſal to the Marchioneſs of Raoul, who is doing penance in the Chatelet for ſome frauds ſhe has committed, that he will once more re-eſtabliſh her reputation and give her wherewithal to keep a coach, and a cook: yet he is the man who anſwered, when he was aſked which he liked beſt, the girls or his horſes—" I like the girls, but I eſteem my horſes more."

There are ſome women ſo like fiſhes, that you muſt ſet them to ſleep to catch them. A notary of the Street of St. Thomas du Louvre, who bears about with him the tireſomeneſs of his ſtudy, has the knack of getting women as well as if he could pay or pleaſe them.

The Baron of Varſeberg, whoſe jealouſy bears the ſame analogy to love, that vinegar does to wine, never goes to the opera with any other deſign than to ſhow his hand or his foot to the figure-dancer La Fouſt, is heard to murmur, " pack up your alls, and begone, you jilt!"—who would not miſtake her for an angel, when ſhe anſwers good-humouredly—" Dear Sir, you are always ſo ſweet-tempered!"—

The Abbé de Fiſſe Morice, who lives at the College of Juſtice, in the Street de la Harpe, has removed all the ſcruples of the Marchioneſs of Melun by theſe lines of Corneille:

Pray why ſhould theſe huſbands thus grumble,
If paſſionate—lovers ſhould ſue,
With purſes brim-full and hearts humble,
For what their wives give and renew?
Were they like gallants to compart them,
And make it their pleaſure to pleaſe,
No ſtranger they'd take to diſport them,
But live in ſtrict union and peace.

Her huſband is ſo blind that he can ſee neither what the Abbé does for him, nor what his wife beſtows upon him. She politely ſends every morning to aſk if he wants any thing.

On Sunday the 6th of June, 1762, the Sieur Brunet,

net, Steward to the Marquis of Livry, went in the hackney-coach, No. 57, F. the houſe of M. Fages, ſurgeon, in the Street de l'Univerſité, to take up Mad. Deſchamps, and her officer M. de Salis, who was ſuppoſed on a journey, and conveyed them to Madame Joſſe's, at Chaillot, where they are to make experiments for the recovery of their health.

Mad. Hingre, who dances as well as Veſtris, being for ſale, the Prince of Conti declared the ſum he would give; but M. de Lauraguais, who knows that a woman who has the art of ſetting herſelf off to the beſt advantage is invaluable, offered her ſixty thouſand livres. Her brother gave the matter in his favour, becauſe he had a preſent of five hundred guineas. She has been inſured to him a maid, but ſhe can at all times impoſe herſelf as ſuch upon him if ſhe is previouſly informed of his taſte; which is fully conveyed in theſe lines:

> But tho' you meet my flame with equal fire,
> Reluctant ſeem to grant my fond deſire.

The Counteſs of Caſtel Remlinghen has taken pattern by the Governor of Rhetel, who ſurrendered on the very day that he promiſed to hold out four days longer; but ſhe is excuſeable, becauſe the Prince of Conti was in as great a hurry as if he were to die on the following day. He has however ſix miſtreſſes always in waiting. Madame Darty, Madame de Bouffiers, Madame de la Guiche, the Marchioneſs of Vierville, his Baker, and Theophila—how could people ſay that Princes are good for nothing?

The poor girls of the town have not touched a penny now for ſeveral days paſt; the reaſon aſſigned

for

for this is, that married women have reduced the market ſo low as to underſell them.

When Counſellor Novet is at his lodge at the Barrier Blanche, he always forgets the advice of Dr. Chirac. Indulge your propenſity, but never provoke deſire, then you cannot hurt yourſelf—but make uſe of no drugs, and variety is a very dangerous one.

M. Perault, the ſon of a rich ironmonger, has ſent Mademoiſelle St. Agnan to a convent in Provins, though ſhe bears his name. She is already tired of the pious prattle of the nuns, who conſtantly din her with the ſtory of Jezabel, who was devoured by dogs, only becauſe ſhe painted: but ſhe anſwers them, that there is an older authority than the Scripture, which ſays that Juno always painted, except indeed on the day that ſhe borrowed the girdle of Venus.

Madame Boileau finds very great fault with her huſband, the regiſtering clerk to the Parliament. In the firſt ages of the church a good Chriſtian, according to the example of Tobit, was not permitted to lie with his bride for the firſt three days after marriage. At preſent they are the only days ſhe can get from him.

The Muſketeer de Bouſſonville has ſpent all his money, but his perſonal appearance is equal to a letter of credit: The ladies will make HIM propoſals. M. D'Alembert being ſolicited for his protection by the Count of Rivarol, anſwered, "Sir, with ſuch attractions as you are poſſeſſed of, it is I that ſhould beg for yours."

M. de

M. de Beaumarchais is going through a courſe of phyſical experiments with the daughter of the famous Deſchamps. She is already perfect miſtreſs of conic ſections, right lines, the principles of motion, the laws of ſuperpoſition, and the whole ſyſtem of attraction.

Duranie takes delight in diſturbing the peace of every family. She pretends that women ſhould make uſe of their huſbands and their caps but once. "Wedlock," ſhe ſays, "was originally meant as a ſtate of penance. Love alone ſhould ramble unconfined, and free from reſtraint." This ſpecies of argumentation has perverted M. de Boulainvilliers, for his wife and he are like two burning logs, that ſpit fire in conſequence of their proximity.

The Marchioneſs of Bellegarde having been under the neceſſity of ſelling her furniture, throws herſelf upon the protection of Briſſaut. However great her quality is, ſhe will condeſcend to give pleaſure even to a vulgar perſon, if he requires it. A wine merchant's ſon was the firſt who picked up the Prince of Conti's leavings. She could not avoid ridiculing a commoner, but ſhe now finds that her mockeries were catching. She adviſed him to adopt for his ſign our Saviour changing water into wine.

Madame de Beauharnois was at the Opera-ball with the Colonel of the regiment of Soubiſe. They abſented themſelves during the ſpace of three hours, and next day the Lady's waiting-woman declared declared that when ſhe undreſſed her, ſhe found both her ſocks in one ſtocking.

My Lord Taſs was arreſted at his return from hunting. It is imagined that M. Seguier has taken part with the creditors, who would otherwiſe have miſſed of him. The fact is, that the Solicitor-General, who has compoſed more ſongs than he has pleaded cauſes, and who has very frequently made uſe of that ſame paper for a love-letter to his neighbour's wife on which was already written the condemnation of an adulterer, had bound himſelf to the Sieur Bugnet to pay four thouſand livres for the uſe of Mad. Lanoiſe, who is in keeping with my Lord Toſs. His Highneſs the Prince of Conti looks upon all this as very ungenerous.

The Reverend father Labre, a Fryar of the convent of the great Auguſtinians, is

A man with mild indulgence brimful fraught,
Who gently bears the balance and the ſcale
Of ev'ry virtue and of ev'ry fault,
Guides you through paths in which you cannot fail
O'er beds of flow'rs to the ſweet plains of heav'n
And makes his maſters ſins and conſcience even.

He was in ſearch of one of thoſe baſhful nymphs who can eaſily content themſelves with an honeſt man, who has a tolerable conſtitution and plenty of money, when he was informed that the widow Boiſelet, of the Street St. Thomas du Louvre, had a daughter who had never yet taſted of the *tree of life*. She was a mender of laces, and this ſerved as a pretext to wait upon and offer her the beſt cuſtomer in all Paris. He took upon him to preſent her to the Marquis, who being alone with her, was giving a detail of her charms, when a hand as cold as ice extorts a cry from her that brought the good father back into the room, where he pretended to be in a great

great rage, and made a very handſome exhortation extempore againſt the Demon of the fleſh.

Ann Deneſle was too handſome to get a huſband —All married men are not like hinds, that are always moſt ſprightly when their horns are growing. However ſhe might have had one, but on the very eve of the day on which ſhe was to reſign her maiden name, the gentleman who was to aſſign her his, fell into ſuch a paſſion with her, that he called her *fool!* —but this did not hinder the proceedings, until their arrival in church, when the prieſt aſked her if ſhe would take M.... for her huſband—" Oh, no!" ſays ſhe, " I am not ſuch a *fool!*"

Mad. Richer, ſilk-mercer, is indiſpoſed. Poor woman! ſhe is tired of reſt.

Yeſterday was Mademoiſelle Lu'ond's birth-day. Monſieur de la Ferte, who was to carry her a noſegay, was not a little ſurprized to meet the black Muſketeer Saimſon, who having been beforehand with him, was preſenting her one. With downcaſt eyes, and heavy gait, he goes to offer it to his Rozetti. Count Belozenſki was juſt up, and dreſſing himſelf. Too late he diſcovered that he ſhould have deferred his viſits a little longer.

The Chevalier de Gouillon brought one of thoſe flower-hawkers who take their ſtand at the corners of the ſtreets to the houſe of Briſſaut. The other gentlemen began to mock him on his choice; but he ſwore that he would give a hundred ducheſſes, and thirty marchioneſſes for his flower-hawker.

• M. Farget de Polizy ſeems totally devoted to La-

vallée, who dances at the French theatre, but the reaſon is, that he has ſeveral law-ſuits to have decided.

The brother of La Veziant has taken to wife Picinelli. He ſhould read to her the Bull publiſhed by Pope Innocent the Eleventh, on the thirteenth of November, 1683, wherein all women, married or unmarried, are ordered to cover their ſhoulders and boſoms up to the neck, and their arms down to the wriſt, with ſome thick ſtuff, and not a tranſparent one, on penalty, if not complied with in ſix days, of being ſo ſoundly excommunicated, *ipſo facto*, that unleſs at the point of death no man, except the Pope, himſelf can give them abſolution.

Mad. Allard, who is ſo expert at jumping, has had thirty thouſand livres from the Farmer General Cramayel for three leaps, of an hour each; but he took a great deal of pains to conceal from the Cardinal Mazarin the ſums he thus ſcattered. The adage invented by Mad. Louiſa L'Abbé, the beautiful rope-maker of Lyons, can alone account for the extravagances into which men are led by that ſex, that ruins and damns them—" Folly pulled out the eyes of Love, and has ever ſince been his only guide.

M. Cordier, attorney at the Chatelet, had a bill of Exchange to receive at Montigny's. She had accepted it for one of thoſe elegant manœuvres that women out of place diſpoſe of, not according to their worth, but for what they can get. As ſhe heſitated at the payment, he being reſolved not to loſe all, took in *cute* what ſhe could not pay in *aere*. She declared

declared that if that coin ſhould continue current ſhe could never be a bankrupt.

M. Titon junior, being at a ball at Vincennes, was keeping two ſeats, one of which Ledoux would have taken, but he refuſed to give it, declaring that it was intended for Moranville. She grew angry, and on his perſiſting in his refuſal, ſhe boxed his ears. The conſequence of this is, that ſhe loves him ſtill. But could we not juſtly imagine that fortune takes pleaſure in oppreſſing virtue, when we ſee Ledoux roll in her coach followed by footmen? 'tis true ſhe has been but once at the hoſpital.

Girard, who was never ſuſpected of economy, has ſold her furniture and jewels for as much money as brings her in two thouſand livres a year. She has retired to the convent of St. Aure, in the ſuburbs of St. Marul,—but ſhe ſtill keeps her waiting woman,

> An active, ſly, intriguing chambermaid,
> Who curls and combs, and decks the pliant hair,
> Never of common accidents afraid,
> And ſkill'd in managing a love affair;
> To kill two birds with but a ſingle ſtone,
> To crown her miſtreſs' wiſhes and her own.

The nuns inſiſt on her going to confeſſion at leaſt once a year. To paſs away the time ſhe acknowledges that ſhe is fond of gaming; her director remonſtrated on the loſs of time:—"Alas! it is true, Father," cried ſhe with a ſigh, "there is a great deal of time loſt in ſhuffling the cards."

One of thoſe Engliſhmen who tell a dancing maſ-

ter, " Sir, you require ſix livres a leſſon for teaching me to dance with my toes out, but I will give you twelve if you will teach me to dance with them in"—the Chevalier Tournar, being at ſupper at the houſe of Madames Vaſſe, declared candidly that it was happy for the women that the Engliſh came to ſpend their money in France, becauſe otherwiſe the proſtitutes of Paris would die of hunger. Madame Beaulieu, his miſtreſs, was ſatisfied at that time to reply, " At leaſt the French gentlemen are not as rude as the Engliſh, who have nothing well poliſhed but their ſteel;" but at her return to her own houſe ſhe cudgelled him out of doors, notwithſtanding all his money.

Mad. Baize felt a momentary emotion in favour of Clairval, and went to his houſe to aſk him for a night, as freely as one would go to aſk for a dinner. He proved that though love can never die for want of food, it may periſh by indigeſtion.

The Count of La Marche is wounded,

> But where I will not, cannot, muſt not tell:
> His miſtreſſes, I fear, know that too well.

Madame Pitrau has nobody now but a Muſketeer and an American. She offers a wager that ſhe is the chaſteſt woman in Paris, and can get no one to accept it.

Sarron has got the management of a Spaniard, who prevails with her to get maſſes ſaid to prevent her becoming pregnant too ſoon; but he was highly offended at her coming to viſit him on a morning in her dreſſing-gown. He is a proud and punctilious

tilious Caſtilian: It is however reported that he was willing to marry her, and had already ordered the ring; the poſie is to be *virgini parituræ.*—There is as much of faith in the circumſtance as there is of hope.

The Police did not confine itſelf to what paſſed among the profeſſedly vicious. Wedlock, which is ſo much intereſted in the concealment of its ſecrets, whether they are to its advantage or diſadvantage, could not eſcape its prying eyes: It muſt know the motives that induced Mr. Havart, attorney at the Chatelet, to change his head clerk ſo often. Was it informed to a certainty by its ſpies, that a huſband reſembles the veſtry-keeper, who, being frequently in the church, walks before the altar without paying his reſpects to it?——At leaſt unleſs it meant to call for the eſtabliſhment of that Japanneſe law againſt the farmers, which declares that "he who ſhall ſuffer his land to remain one year untilled, loſes his right of poſſeſſion." But the police ſought no benefit either to hiſtory or morality in its reſearches after the ſecrets of matrimonial life; it had not the welfare of mankind ſufficiently at heart to take pains in reforming it; its only object was to procure amuſement, or impreſs with fear.

What inducement could it have to ſeek thoſe particularities reſpecting families, which the families themſelves would be puzzled to declare?——Fear not, reader, I will not diſcover them all; but it is at leaſt neceſſary that I ſhould give you ſome conception of thoſe enquiries which were impertinently made, by a magiſtrate whoſe authority ſhould ceaſe where

where that of the law begins—at the entrance into the houſes.

Every body has heard of that beautiful Dutch woman whoſe jealous huſband told men of high rank and great fortune, with blunt candour, whom he could ſuppoſe ſo pious as to adore Venus without deſiring to unbuckle her zone, " Gentlemen, I have a proper ſenſe of the honour you do me, but I fear you do not amuſe yourſelves to your ſatisfaction, for I ſpend the whole day with my wife, and at night we lie together."——But here follow ſome particulars, ſuch as they have been given in by an inſpector. By making them public, people can judge whether they have been faithfully repreſented.

Madame Paters is the eldeſt of ſix children: the daughters of M. Nevenheim the elder, deſcended from one of the moſt ancient and moſt noble families of the Province of Gueldres. The youngeſt of her ſiſters is ten or eleven years old; ſhe has five or ſix brothers, one of whom is in the King of Pruſſia ſervice, and two in that of the Commonwealth of Holland. The father was in eaſy circumſtances, and in the enjoyment of from 15 to 20,000 florins a year. He had an eſtate of conſiderable value in the country of Cleves, and was preſident of the Chamber of Cleves, an employment of which the King of Pruſſia deprived him. His wife, who was handſomer than Madame Paters now is, was addicted to expenſive living and coquetry, which, together with a numerous family, forced the father to ſell his fine eſtate in the country of Cleves, all his perſonal fortune being already diſſipated. He has nothing left but an eſtate in the Province of Gueldres, two leagues from

from Nimeguen, and a quarter of a league from Amevong on the Rhine.—He lives with his family in an old caſtle on this eſtate, which he cultivates himſelf, and whoſe revenue is but ſmall.

The Baron of Spaan, who is alſo a nobleman of the Province of Gueldres, is ſaid to be related to the father and mother of Madame Paters, and has his ſeat and eſtate in their neighbourhood. He is intimately connected with, and frequently viſits, that family: if the ſcandalous chronicle is to be credited, he enjoyed a very eminent place in the favour of Madame Nivenheim; it was even whiſpered that Madame Paters is indebted to him for her exiſtence—a conjecture which is founded only on the care he took of that lady's education, whom he brought into his houſe in her infancy, where ſhe remained until her marriage.——Nothing, indeed, was omitted in her education which was ſuited to a perſon of the higheſt rank, perhaps too refined for her father and mother's ſituation. Her marriage with M. Paters, as will be ſeen hereafter, was the effect of mere chance. In regard to intereſt, it muſt be owned to have been advantageous to the Baron of Spaan's pupils, as it gave her an opportunity of ſhowing the brilliancy of her acquired talents, and enabled her to ſhine in an exalted ſphere.

To explain the chance that occaſioned this marriage, we muſt give ſome account of the family of M. Paters.

The Sieur Vanſchipper, a Dutchman, having ſquandered his patrimony, reſolved upon retiring to Surinam with his family, to try his fortune. He had a ſon, and two daughters, and went in quality of

of Commodore of ſome ſoldiers going on that ſtation. In time he was appointed Governor of the Settlement; the planters knew it to be their intereſt to have the Governor in their favour; two of them eſpecially, who were very rich, the Sieur Paters and his younger brother, aſked and obtained the daughters of the Governor in marriage. The eldeſt had no other child than the ſon, who is the object of our enquiry; the other had an only daughter. The two brothers and their wives died in a few years, and left Vanſchipper guardian of their children. He returned to Holland in 1746, with his two pupils, and left the care of their eſtates to his ſon. The father was poſſeſſed of an immenſe fortune, and was now become as penurious as he had before been prodigal; he totally neglected the education of the two children, whom he had the care of, keeping them in his houſe, and truſted the management of them entirely to his ſervants. Like the reſt of the common people, they learned to read and write, to dance and ſpeak French, but from maſters who gave their labour at a cheap rate. In vain did ſome of his relations ſolicit him to give his grandſon Paters a tutor, and ſend him to travel. The young man had no opportunity of ſeeing good company, and was confined to the ſociety of his ſchool-fellows of every claſs. He was however obſerved to have a partiality for the fair ſex, being often ſeen to pay more attention to them than to his devotions when at church. Colonel Hacquet, a friend to Baron Spaan, ſaluted him one day, and aſked him if he had not ſome thought of marriage; and what his opinion was of the young ladies he had ſeen at church; adding, that it was time for him to get out of leading-ſtrings, and out of the hands of his penurious grandfather. Paters anſwered, that he ſhould be exceedingly

ingly well pleaſed if he could do ſo; on which the Colonel aſked him which of the girls he ſaw at church was moſt to his liking.—He ſaid there was none of them he fancied ſo much as Mademoiſelle Nivenheim.—" What the deuce, cries Hacquet, you are a fellow of exquiſite taſte!" He took this opportunity of ſpeaking in the moſt advantageous manner of the young lady, acknowledging that ſhe had no fortune, extolling her beauty, her birth, and the honour that muſt accrue from an alliance with ſo reſpectable a family. Paters anſwered, that he did not want fortune, as he had enough of his own. —" Well, well!" replied the Colonel, " I'll take it upon myſelf to make you a happy man." Immediately he haſted to his friend the Baron of Spaan to repeat this converſation to him, who was impatient to engage the grandfather to give his conſent to the match. The old gentleman thought himſelf highly honoured by the Baron's viſit, and accepted his invitation to dine at his houſe with his pupil. The young lady could not like the gentleman, and confeſſed her ſentiments to the Baron, declaring that ſhe could not be happy with him; but the Baron paid little attention to her objections, and puſhed the matter on as faſt as poſſible. The father and mother of the lady were ſent for; and to prove to the old guardian how diſintereſted they all were, the marriage was concluded and celebrated without any articles, by which means they became equally entitled to the property. The father of Paters had by his will left a part of his fortune, in remainder, to a female couſin german, the wife of Count Lindin, in caſe his ſon ſhould die without iſſue. Paters being qualified by his marriage to inherit, ſettled accounts with his grandfather, and gave him a receipt in full. The old fellow and his ſon gained

conſiderably by the weakneſs of Paters: the former died three months ſince, and left by his laſt will 150,000 florins to Paters, ſomewhat more to Madame Linden, and the remainder of his fortune to his ſon, a very bad man, who having married a rich woman, uſed her ſo ill that ſhe ſued for and obtained a divorce, and is now married to another in the Province of Utrecht; and Vanſchipper the ſon about a year ſince married a girl whom he had kept ſeveral years, and had children by. It is not to be wondered at that Paters, a man naturally of a very limited underſtanding, ill-educated, who had never uſed good company, and who had the misfortune of having before his eyes the very worſt examples, even in the perſon of his uncle, ſhould be addicted to meanneſſes of every kind, beſides which he has a violent paſſion for gaming, which the gamblers take advantage of.

Madame Paters, who was perhaps, after the example of her mother, ſtrongly inclined to extravagance and coquetty, indulged herſelf extenſively at the beginning of her marriage. Her father's caſtle was not to her taſte, one was therefore hired in the ſame province, that belongs to the Count of Ahone, an agreeable ſituation, to which the huſband and his ſpouſe repaired about two years ſince. As it is convenient to the Rhine, they have been to ſee the French army, where they have been genteelly entertained. Several of the officers viſited them at the caſtle; and, if we may believe report, Meſſrs. Flamarens and De Chapt were the moſt frequent. When they came to the Hague, the huſband and wife lodged in a furniſhed apartment. In 1762 they hired a houſe, which they furniſhed, and where they held aſſemblies and gave dinners. Madame Paters

ſaw

ſaw but few women, their circle being chiefly compoſed of the oppoſite ſex. The huſband conſorted with his old acquaintances, and went to the houſe of the Dalevins for the purpoſe of play; and each vied with the other in expenſive amuſements. The wife took it into her head to ſpend the winter in Paris; the huſband conſented, and they arrived in that capital in December 1762, where they lodged at the hotel d'Antragues, in the Street Tournon. Meſſrs. de Flamarens and De Chapt were very aſſiduous in paying their court, but it is ſaid that the former remained alone after 10 or 12 days, and that M. Chapt ſaw them no more during his ſtay. The houſes to which Madame Paters reſorted, are well known in Paris. It appears that the huſband and wife were reſolved to fix their reſidence at Paris, as they had hired a hotel, and written to the Hague to ſell the greateſt part of their furniture there, and to ſend them ſome articles, with horſes, &c.

People wondered much at a counter-order ſent by the huſband, who followed it ſhortly after in perſon: but their wonder increaſed when they ſaw him without his wife, towards the end of the month of March. It ſeems that he went off without the knowledge of his wife, to whom he ſent a letter replete with nonſenſe and ſcurrility. Madame Paters, having adviſed with ſome women of good underſtanding, wrote to her huſband, to her father, and to her mother, left Paris afterwards, and went to the houſe of the latter. Theſe letters have ſerved as a foundation for many tales, which we may juſtly ſuppoſe apocryphal. A ſeparation from bed and board became now the object of their contemplation, and both huſband and wife imagined that they could procure it. It appeared that although the wife did

not love her husband, she had more cause of complaint than he had, whose only reproach to her was her extravagance, and the debts she involved him in; but he had it not in his power to adduce any proof of her having engaged in any criminal intrigue, or of having failed in the conjugal duties: whereas she would have had no difficulty in making his misconduct evident beyond a doubt. This separation put all parties in motion, and counsel was employed on both sides. Those of Madame Paters advised her to go to her husband to the Hague, in consequence of a letter which he had written to her, declaring that he was ready to receive her, on condition of her personal submission to his matrimonial authority. She took the advice, and went with her father and mother to the Hague, and arrived at her husband's lodging, by whom she was received. She refused to sleep with him, unless she had positive proof that he was in a good state of health. He had hired another apartment, where he revelled with prostitutes, in the sight and to the knowledge of the whole town. The proceedings for the separation were entered into in the Court of Holland; but Paters was brought to reason, though he was spurred on by one of his Counsel, a skilful but a dangerous man, nick-named *the Defender of bad causes*. The husband and wife separated by their own consent on the 20th of July, and the deed of separation was registered in the Court of Holland, and posted on the 30th. Madame Paters was for insisting on half her husband's property: among other things she required 75,000 florins for her half of the legacy left him by his grandfather; but by the deed he gave her, some say 30,000 florins, others say only 20,000, and half of his yearly income, being the produce of his plantations at Surinam. The uncle,

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as we are told, is bound for the execution of this agreement, becauſe a part of the property is intailed; he is alſo bound to pay Mad. Paters 4000 florins a year during her life, in caſe the huſband ſhould die. All the moveables have been likewiſe divided between the huſband and wife. After this ſettlement, Madame Paters returned to her father's houſe, but it is generally believed that ſhe will not remain there, but go back to Paris with her mother. She has given her father ſome thouſands of florins.—This lady is very agreeable, but obſtinate in her will; her huſband was in fact afraid of her. She is determined upon keeping a waiting-maid who had been ſent to her from Paris two years ſince, againſt the advice of her father, mother, and the Baron of Spaan, becauſe her huſband always believed that the maid was a perfect Abigail at carrying on intrigues, and that moreover her miſtreſs made her many preſents of value. Her ſending away this woman would have prevented ſeveral diſagreeable circumſtances, would likewiſe have ſkreened the lady from many injurious reflections and reports. In general, Madame Paters is thought virtuous, but ſhe is juſtly blamed for her coquetry, her deſire to appear amiable, and the opportunities ſhe furniſhes for cenſure; but more eſpecially for her exceſſive ſelf-love and the airs of ſuperiority ſhe aſſumes over other women. She does not want wit, is very diverting, but at the ſame time ſhe poſſeſſes but a very ſmall portion of judgment.

England, that kingdom where (time immemorial) people are allowed to do what they will, provided that their conduct is not prejudicial to others, would be aſtoniſhed at the ſecret enquiries of a magiſtrate, whoſe only duty was to watch over the pub-

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lic tranquility, into the conduct of thoſe women by whoſe means two rival nations kept up a communication. Was it his deſign to know whether the London ladies poſſeſs more real worth than thoſe of Paris?—If we compare the two capitals according to the facts regiſtered in the Police books, we ſhall have as little chance of finding in the one as in the other the web of Penelope, the cup of Artemiſia, the lancet of Paulina, the poignard of Arria, the burning coal of Portia, or the Cave of Eponina. They are equally ignorant there as here of that ſentiment which in its purity would ſufficiently prove the exiſtence of a deity, even to a nation of Atheiſts.

As my firſt deſign, in opening the ſcandalous budget of the police, was to expoſe it to the contempt and deteſtation of the world, I muſt give England the ſame proof I gave to Holland, of the impudent intruſions of the police into the ſecrets of foreigners. Yet I ſhall chuſe the ſhorteſt of the vaſt number that are to be found among its reports, that of an Engliſh lady, who had twice croſſed the channel, the firſt time to learn the vices of a convent; and the ſecond to learn thoſe of the faſhionable world.

JANUARY 10th, 1759.

Miſs Buckler*, of London, aged twenty-four years, of a noble family, attached formerly to King James, in her infancy was left an orphan by the death of both father and mother, and was educated in France; but is not related to that family of the Buckiers, one of whom is a Lord.

* We have ſtrong reaſon to believe that the real name of this Lady is Bulkley.

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She was placed as a boarder in the Convent of the nuns of St. Gervais, in the old Street du Temple, under the care of Mrs. Trente, an Engliſh lady, who was Abbeſs. She remained there ſeveral years, and was afterwards removed to the Engliſh Convent at Pontoiſe. In ſome time after ſhe left that and went to England to viſit her relations, where ſhe lived with an old aunt, who was of ſo ſingular a temper, that Miſs Buckler reſolved to return to France with her brother, who had an honourable place at London, and who placed her with the ladies de Bellechaſſe until ſhe ſhould be a little older —this happened in 1753.

During her ſtay with Meſdames de Bellechaſſe, ſhe became acquainted with the Counteſs of Montmorenci, who has given room for ſcandal, and who was very intimate with the Princeſs of Soubiſe, and with the Prince of Virtemberg; but their connection ended when the Counteſs of Montmorenci was reconciled to her huſband.

On quitting Meſdames de Bellechaſſe, Miſs Buckler came to reſide, at the beginning of the year 1756, in the Street of Bourbon, in an apartment belonging to the Theatins, over the great gate that led to the church, for which ſhe was to pay 650 livres, and furniſhed it with green ſtriped damaſk, a beautiful tapeſtry in her bed-chamber, for the uſe of which ſhe was to pay the upholſterer 600 livres a year. Her income is moderate, not exceeding five or ſix thouſand livres per annum, which her brother regularly remits to her: he would wiſh her to return to England, but ſhe is unwilling to comply with his deſire. Wolf is her banker; ſhe has no other ſervants than a waiting-maid, and a foot-

man,

man, whom ſhe keeps very well cloathed, and makes him carry a cane. She allows them board wages, though ſhe has her own dinner dreſſed at home; and every night ſhe has a very good ſupper from the cook's-ſhop. When ſhe cannot borrow the Chevalier Beauſort's carriage, ſhe hires one: the Chevalier is an old Captain of Horſe, who has quitted the ſervice, and enjoys 14,000 livres a year; he lives in the Street de Gaillon. She never riſes earlier than two o'clock in the afternoon, except on Sundays and Holidays; and at noon ſhe gets her breakfaſt in bed, which generally conſiſts of bread and butter.

She is a fine girl, tall and well-ſhaped, fine languiſhing eyes, exceedingly fair-ſkinned, brown hair, charming boſom, and a moſt beautiful leg. She has a good deal of wit, and a certain haughtineſs which proves her a perſon of family. She poſſeſſes a fund of virtue, that conſtantly oppoſes her inclination to pleaſure, and at ſome periods her paſſions are ſo violent, that ſhe burſts into tears, without any apparent reaſon. She is acquainted with ſome libertines of her own ſex, though ſhe does not follow their example. She has frequently viſited Madame Quane, an Engliſhwoman, who is miſtreſs to the Duke of Olonne; the old Marchioneſs of Creil, who lodges at the Theatins, invites her very often to her apartment to attract company, and encourage gaming; but Miſs Buckler is on her guard, as ſhe perceived that the old Marchioneſs did not ſcruple to cheat at play.

She afterwards accidentally became acquainted with the Marchioneſs of La Capelle, in the Street du Jardinet, a woman of eaſy virtue, about forty years

years old, through which the following adventure happened: Two Gaſcons conſtantly frequent the houſe of this Madame de la Capelle; in the month of September they engaged the Marchioneſs to go to ſee the Machine of Marly, and to prevail on Miſs Buckler to be of the party, who at laſt conſented; in ſhort, they all four arrived at the Machine—the gentlemen prevailed on the ladies to accompany them to a public-houſe to get ſome refreſhment. They were accordingly uſhered into an upper apartment, which contained a bed, and had been previouſly hired for the occaſion; and where they found a cold collation, with all ſorts of delicate wines.--- Her footman cautioned her in a whiſper to be on her guard, and not to drink too much, as he ſuſpected that the two gentlemen had formed a deſign of intoxicating her.

Towards the end of the entertainment the gentlemen diſmiſſed the ſervants, bolted the door on the inſide, and began to embrace Miſs Buckler and Madame de la Capelle. The latter lady complaiſantly ſubmitted to the impoſition, in order excite her friend to an equal condeſcenſion. She was very much ſurprized at this new kind of ſport; there was a good deal of romping, and no ſmall degree of noiſe in the room. It is impoſſible to tell all that happened to a certainty; but her ſervant, hearing the racket, and running above ſtairs, went up, and inſiſted that the door ſhould be opened, as he had ſomething to give to his miſtreſs. He found her very much heated, and her head-dreſs quite rumpled. She ordered him to remain in the room, and commanded the horſes to be put to the coach. The gentlemen on the way to town made many apologies, but the young lady never opened her lips; and

ſince that time ſhe has little connexion with Mad. de la Capelle.

She became acquainted at her own apartment with the Chevalier de Grammont, an officer of the body-guards in M. de Mirepoix company, who lodges in a furniſhed room in the Street and Hotel des Prouvaires. He comes to ſup with her every night, and ſhe runs in debt on his account. There is no doubt but ſhe loves him; ſhe preſented him with a ſword-knot that coſt 50 livres, unknown to her maid, on new-year's day. It is a pity that ſo fine a woman cannot meet with an honeſt man poſſeſſed of an ample fortune.

Near to this picture, which does not derogate from the principles of politeneſs, I find a plebean caricature. When a ſervant is advanced to the dignity of an Inſpector, it is his duty to divert his maſter when he finds him verging towards gravity. Would not this memorial, which was given into the Lieutenant-General of the Police on Saturday, the 18th of July, 1769, paſs for one of Frontin's recitals?

Mad. Tréſ-Court, a corn-chandler, who lives in a ſhop in the Street des Gravilliers, oppoſite to a ſadler's, is a tall young woman, 28 years of age, very elegantly ſhaped, and of a genteel plumpneſs; her ſkin pretty white, and very lively eyes, her face oval, her hair a bright brown, her arms very handſome, a little fleſhy, and well made. The combination of her attractions preſents a very pleaſing and inviting object. She does not ſeem to want a good underſtanding. As her preſence greatly ſets off her ſhop, I ſtepped in to aſk her for a direction; and being

ing deſirous of knowing ſomething more particular concerning this divinity, I aſked her to take ſhare of a bottle of beer and ſome cakes, which I ſent for. Having paſſed ſome encomiums on her, ſhe ſaid I was very polite. I preſſed her, as if indifferently, to partake of the little cheer I had procured, and with a good deal of difficulty prevailed with her, and a female friend who ſat with her behind the counter, to accompany me into a little glaſs cloſet, where we ſat down together. We drank to the improvement of our acquaintance. She aſſured me that I was the firſt with whom ſhe had condeſcended to act in ſuch a manner; and that my behaviour left her no room to doubt of my being a well-bred man, and as her friend was a welcome gueſt, and her countrywoman, I acknowledged that ſhe was right.—How modeſt!

She told me ſhe was a native of Cherbourg, in Lower Normandy, that ſhe had been eight years in Paris, that ſhe had furniſhed an apartment herſelf, in which ſhe lived in the Street Chapon, in the Marais, where ſhe was kept, as I underſtood; and after having been ſome time on the look-out to ſecure to herſelf a reputation, ſhe married, about three years ſince, a man of the name of Trèſ-Court, a journeyman hatter, about 50 years old, a native of Paris, very induſtrious and clever at every thing, except the art of getting children, which ſhe ſaid ſhe never had had the luck of hitting upon. Her huſband works with a manufacturer, comes home to dinner, and returns no more until the evening. She informed me farther, that about a twelve month ſince ſhe purchaſed the right of opening a ſhop in the corn-chandlery line, and that including the expence of fitting up the place, the whole had coſt her two thou-

ſand livres, excluſive of the goods which ſhe had laid in. She ſhowed me her little kitchen, and a handſome parlour, very neatly furniſhed, with looking-glaſſes, a beautiful commode, decorated chimney-piece, chairs, &c. alſo a very pretty alcove, in which was a neat bed, with green damaſk furniture, as I thought, and alſo a neat back yard well ſtocked with poultry, to which there is a door of communication with the lane that runs by the ſide of her ſhop, and through which ſhe ſaid a perſon might go out without being obſerved by the curious neighbours. She gave me to underſtand that if ſhe could find a diſcreet man, who would make himſelf worthy of her affections, as well by his polite behaviour as by a genteel pecuniary conſideration, ſhe would willingly grant all his deſires. I told her if that was the caſe I would ſpeak to a very rich a genrleman of my acquaintance who would anſwer her purpoſes perfectly well. Upon this ſhe embraced me very cordially. I then aſked her how ſhe would manage with reſpect to her huſband. She anſwered, that as he was ſatisfied of his own inability to pleaſe her, he would have no objection to her ſecuring to herſelf ſome income in caſe of his death; and that conſequently he would connive at her indulgences in that way; and that if any body came to viſit her, or dine at her houſe, he would abſent himſelf the whole day from the ſhop on receiving previous notice. We afterwards joked a good deal on the name of her huſband (Trèſ-Court—*very ſhort*); ſhe told me, moreover, that ſhe had been lately at Verſailles very well dreſſed, and had been to ſee the apartments of the palace, where ſhe met the king, who looked ſo ſtedfaſtly at her that ſhe was forced to look down, and bluſhed as red as ſcarlet. I aſked her if ſhe could ſometimes go out, and to which ſhe replied

that

that there was nothing to hinder her if occaſion required, as her friend could take care of the ſhop, and ſell the things as well as ſhe could. She has beſides a little ſiſter with her, about eleven years old, who will be very handſome. This Mad. Tréſ-Court preſſed me very warmly before my departure to repeat my viſits.

Theſe Goddeſſes of the ſecond claſs often attracted the attention of the upſtart miniſter more than the imperious Juno's or licentious Venus's; and very frequently, laying aſide the mantle of Themis, he would come himſelf, a modeſt Amphytrion, into the obſcurity of a ſmall ſhop to ſeduce as Alcmena, young but fond of tattle, with whom he would afterwards appoint a meeting in the higheſt of the boxes of the Theatre of Luxembourg, exactly under the ſign of Capricorn.

It was not the fault of theſe corrupters of the public, who converted their power into a means of profaning every bed-chamber, that the claſs of women, among whom the remains of morality are kept from periſhing, was not infected by the petty jargon, the little manners, the airs, the faſhions, the thouſand and one nothings; the caprices, the fancies of thoſe who have no other means of gaining a livelihood than their ridicules and their vices.

The wretches who ſold their wives to procure themſelves miſtreſſes were not calculated to feel that wedlock alone can communicate the moſt exquiſite delights. A father, a mother, and a child, are the lively emblems of felicity. Minerva declared this to mankind, when ſhe prolonged the night on which

which Ulyſſes was reunited to his faithful Penelope.

But to gratify thoſe who are incapable of the delicate ſenſations that virtue can give, I ſhall once more take from the pocket-book of M. de Sartine, ſome of thoſe diſguſting anecdotes with which the annals of vice are replete. It was a maxim with the Spartans to ſhow their Helotes, or ſlaves, intoxicated to their young men, by way of caution.

M. de Walſſeberg, who has loaded the Dancer de la Foret with rubies, emeralds, and ſapphires, with a wiſh that he could alſo preſent her with all thoſe that are produced in the mines of Golconda, Viſapour, and Bengal, has received a citation from her for the payment of a note of 15,000 livres, which his friend Walxeem gave her on his account, for a child which ſhe ſaid ſhe felt move and jump within her, like St. John in the womb of Elizabeth, but which ſhe will never bring forth. As there is no proviſo in the note, ſhe ſays ſhe is not obliged to become pregnant.

Mad. Lamule, the widow of a keeper of the conſtable's office, had been box-opener at the comic opera under the name of Surville, and has been lately cited to appear before the Police for ſelling and letting out women without its leave. She has purchaſed the right of furniſhing the old Duke of Richelieu, who is no longer poſſeſſed of thoſe vital ſpirits that keep hope alive, with Leblanc as the virtuous widow of a Counſellor at Law.

M. Gardanne, a royal cenſor, finds in Denerville nothing repugnant to religion, to morals, nor to government.

vernment. As a phyſician, he ſhould at leaſt have diſcovered ſomething in her contrary to health.

Eleanora Thetin is an Iriſhwoman, her father died captain of a ſhip. Her chief paſſion is for dreſs: She can never be convinced that a pretty woman ſhould be limited to half-a-crown in the purchaſe of a head-dreſs. She was once innocent, ſo remarkably ſo, that, playing at *who'll buy a baſket?* ſhe anſwered, *cream tarts.*

M. Pommard broke open the door of her garden. Once open, any body may cull the flowers. M. Linguet, treaſurer of the Italian Theatre, and the Marquis of Vaugrenard, a blue ribband, committed depredations in it.

The Prince of Monaco, who ſlept but once with his wife, and condeſcended to do it then only becauſe it was a pregnant woman's longing, has entered into a monthly marriage with the ſiſter of David. He ſeems to be ignorant of the maxim,

> Love if not lawful, modeſt, true, and juſt,
> Degenerates into vile and ſhameleſs luſt.

The Dutch Ambaſſador, who was ſo inconſtant as to adopt the motto of *Non bis in idem*, (not twice to the ſame) has at length attached himſelf to Madame Carlin; and Harlequin, to prove his own wit, never ſees him but he ſhows him the horns.

Madam Mondran, who thinks fidelity to a huſband the means of creating many murmurers, had appointed a meeting with M. Demonville on the road to Villette, where they both forgot that ſhe was to go to ſee her little daughter, who was at nurſe at Bondy.

M. Join-

M. Joinville, receiver of the domains, is going to Bourdeaux; his wife is to follow him: but Dufort the younger is to go before. It is she who, to give a diſguſt againſt marriage, has given the hint of that picture where a married couple, placed oppoſite to each other, yawn ſo naturally, that the lookers-on catch the infection, and yawn likewiſe.

One of thoſe Jews who, even in France, run the riſk of being hanged between two dogs at the entrance to a ſynagogue, who are even forbid to bathe in the river Seine —the little Cain—rivals the principal nobility for the favours of the pretty girls. He now keeps a Mad. Lauſon, whoſe huſband is always ready to walk out when the Jew comes in.

Dukes and Peers, after having amuſed themſelves like Princes with ſome girls at the Chauſſee d'Antin, were inclined to conclude the evening with a game at cards. When they had finiſhed their game, they reſigned both girls and cards to their ſervants.

The King's attorney is a penſioner on Hecquet, who even gives him his ſupper. In return, when her huſband goes to his houſe, the *folding doors* are opened to him.

The Duke of Fronſac, aſtoniſhed at his own wants, rides poſt to Compiegne, and arriving at midnight fortunately finds D'Autrive diſengaged. He ſets off again at ſix in the morning. D'Autrive declares it was not worth his while to come ſo great a diſtance for ſo LITTLE.

" Upon my word you ſhould diſcharge your porter!" ſays a certain Prince to the Opera Queen.—

" There

" There is but one thing to hinder me, my Lord." —" What is it?" " He is my father."

Mademoiſelle Mureſs goes every day to the play to lay traps for foreigners. There is not a night but ſome of them offer to conduct her home. Her lover, M. de Varenne, waits for them there; they go to card-playing, and are generally ſo fleeced, that they have nothing left to promiſe to their miſtreſs.

They who have the pleaſure of getting children by Beaumeſnil do not take the trouble of educating them. Would it be ſo expenſive to give them a trade, to make them wig-makers for example, the moſt certain of all trades? for, as Abbe St. Pierre ſays, wig-blocks will never fail.

M. Giamboni, a Genoeſe banker, has already repented of taking a wife from among the pupils of the Pare-au-Cerf, where young ladies are told that love is like a game at quadrille, where you can call a King at every deal.

Duranci conſents to acknowledge M. de Gevres a man, though he has not the wit of Eſop, for 40 guineas per month; ſhe even declares him a Hercules—he believes her, and falls aſleep.

The Count of Chabot has forſaken Roſalie, who ſometimes is too ſweet-ſcented not to be at times offenſive to a delicate noſe: he always careſſed her at as great a diſtance as poſſible.

Mademoiſelle Perinequi, perceiving that the Marquis of Puyſegur was falling into a kind of conjugal lazineſs, when he was in her company, declared that though

though by his wife he might act from duty, by her he must act according to ability.

Here I stop. Another pocket-book pregnant with vice, stands open before me: any hand rejects it. The guilty persons are too immediate—and some of them enjoy the confidence of a people whose choice seems to reflect some virtue on them. Perhaps the new regulation, under the auspices of which every man must seek the public esteem, nobility, and fortune, will restore them to the genuine ambition of thinking justly, and acting honestly. Let them know, at least, that I know them, and watch over their conduct.

It is not the love of calumny that has induced me to expose the shameful weaknesses of the human race. It was necessary to lay open the degree of corruption and moral mortification that the manners of men had attained to at that period when a nation deeply impressed with a sense of its misfortunes exerted its innate powers in favour of liberty; and yet hopes to regain that constitution which nature had originally bestowed on all societies.

When the empire of the laws shall have been restored, that of morality must also be replaced; for without an union of those two powers, a revolution is but a shock, a crisis, a calamity, which can only retard the destruction of France.

F I N I S.